



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The mind is the atmosphere of the soul.  
—Joubert.

Offer loving thoughts and acts to all—  
Edwin Arnold.

There is no felicity like peace of conscience.—Seneca.

Misfortunes are the only masters which can usefully instruct us.—Bossuet

There is none so evil but some precious germ lives on.—Gerald Massey.

Manage so as to gain God's sanction and thine own.—Marcus Aurelius Antonius.

Man can not make, but may ennoble fate, By nobly bearing it. So let us trust Stronger than Death; Kind Words; Wives, Then and Now; Arab Women as Fighters; Advertisements; Publications, etc.  
—Owen Meredith

Oh, the tranquility, liberty and greatness of that mind, that is a spy upon itself, a private censor of its own manners.—Seneca.

The greatness of nature is one of the most exalting, cheering, and gladdening ideas. This form of power, however, which is the really sublime species of it, always enlarges the spiritual capacity of man.—Humboldt.

Only convince me that I have said or thought the thing that is wrong, and I shall alter forthwith. I seek but the truth by which no man ever yet was injured. He alone is so who remains the victim of ignorance and imposture.—Antonius

What e'er we feel, by agency direct Or indirect, shall tend to feed and nurse Our faculties, shall fix in calmer seats Of moral strength, and raise to loftier heights Of love divine, our intellectual soul.  
—Wordsworth.

We can but bend when passing at the altar of beauty, and pluck a flower hastily at the wayside;—but may there not be an instinct which eagerly appropriates even these transitory associations? May they not unconsciously absorbed into the essence of our life, and gradually refine and exalt the spirit within us?—Henry T. Tuckerman.

The idea of immortality, like a sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, its countless waves of hope and joy against the shores of time, and was not born of any book, nor of any religion nor any creed. It was born of human affections, and will continue to ebb and flow beneath the clouds of doubt and darkness. As love kisses the lips of death, it is the rainbow of hope shining upon the tears of grief, giving promise of a bright hereafter.—Ingersoll.

Let us believe there is a mystic language in the flowers, and a deep meaning in the stars, that the transparency of the Winter air and the long sweetness of Summer twilight pass, with imperceptible power, over the soul; Let us cherish the thought that absorbing emotions of love, the sweet excitement of adventure and the impassioned solemnity of grief, with a kind of spiritual chemistry, combine and purify the inward elements into nobler action and more perfect results.—Tuckerman

### THE GREAT BEYOND.

[Written by the Spirit Father of H. H. Kenyon, of St. Paul, Minnesota.]

When our loved ones pass away, how often the breaking heart asks, "Where is my darling to-night?" To all who are in trouble; who feel that there is no more sunshine for them, because the Angel of death has taken away their treasure; to all who can not see the pathway that leads to perfect rest, for death has beclouded the sun, which had been shining so clear; I come with words of heartfelt love, to tell them of the Great Beyond.

When the beautiful sleep of death comes upon us, we close our eyes, and dream of heavenly things fully realizing, that the great change is now to take place. That we are now to solve the mystery of the Great Beyond. We bid our friends a last farewell, and the ministering angel of unconsciousness covers us with a mantle of perfect love. As your dear ones pass from you, to their home in heaven, you must look somewhere for comfort. The breaking heart cries out in its great suffering, for some relief. Reaching out your hands, you pray for some assurance that your loved one is forever blest. You wonderingly ask, Will he forget me, who am left to struggle in this world of trouble, without the support of his helping hand, and strong arm? Who can tell?

As one who has passed through it all, I come to you and winding my arms around you, bid you look up and be thankful, that your darling, is now in the great beyond.

When who one has lived a pure and true life, crosses the river of death, the scenes he will witness are very different from those he has left on the other shore. He will find angels singing, friends who have passed away before, waiting for him, who will take him by the hand and bid him welcome to his heavenly home. Little children will meet him in the way and cover the path with beautiful flowers, some will reach up for a kiss, others will sing their happy songs. He will find beautiful trees forever green; hills and mountains, such as he has never before seen. Their beauty will hold him spellbound. The grandeur of our heavenly home is indescribable. "In our Father's house there are many mansions," and he will find that his own loved ones, who passed away from earth, perhaps a long time ago, have prepared for him a beautiful home, a perfect resting place, where all is love and peace to the pure in heart. This home may be of simple rustic style; or it may be built of marble; whichever is most in harmony with himself. He will find all his tired heart can wish for, and will now be able to follow out his many longings, and life's desires. One who has lived an upright life, doing all the good he can, will pass from mortal scenes into grandeur, more perfect than pen can picture. There will be no more weeping, no more disappointments, no more stumbling by the way; for he has cast aside the mortal, and is now robed with immortality, and finds himself surrounded by dear friends who rejoice that he is now one with them in their joys and pleasure. But you ask, Does he forget the ones he left in grief and sorrow? No; a thousand times, no. He finds something lacking—Calls for his own home. His heart yearns for them—longs to know how they are, what they are doing—feels that he must return and comfort them.

Is there a way? Yes, as sure as the sun shines; the heavenly Father has prepared the way for him to return and cheer the broken-hearted. He will return to you he so loved, and, although you can not see him, will instill into your minds beautiful impressions that will uplift you from the depths of despair. It will be his work to keep close watch over you. He is, and ever will be, your guardian angel; and when you, too, pass through the pearly gates, you will find him waiting, with a happy smile and outstretched hands, bidding you welcome to the great beyond. You will, as time rolls on and brings its many changes, by following the path your conscience dictates, find in moments of doubt and despair, that there will pass over you a quiet, loving influence, as if coming from an unknown source. You will have times of sweetest communion with those who have passed away, for they are ever with you, loving and caring for you as of old.

There is no death. It is simply casting aside the old, worn out body, for one of perfect health;—simply stepping out of earthly conditions into spiritual ones. We live and progress in happiness. We live and learn the laws overruling the heavenly universe, gaining knowledge that we may be the more competent to guide and direct. And when you, too, cross the shining river, you will find your friends, who have gone before, there on the banks of Eden waiting to receive you home. They will take you in their embrace, and endearing words you will hear from lips that you lovingly press with a kiss. They will lead you through beautiful valleys, by streams of crystal water, to your heavenly home, and you will then raise your eyes in thankfulness that you, too, have solved the mysteries of the great beyond.

### The Worth of Purpose.

[Dr. Parkhurst.]

Not only shall we think wiser and grander purposes when we mature them in advance, there is also a solidifying and invigorating power in a long purpose, clearly defined. You can generally tell from a man's gait whether he has a purpose. Plan intensifies. Pursuance of a purpose makes our work solid and consecutive. Plan concentrates energies as a burning-glass does sunbeams. Shiftlessness is mostly only another name for aimlessness. Purpose directs energy, and purpose makes energy. When we see the target, we stretch the bow. Light in the eye is tension in the arm. We can, because we think we can. Power is with a good deal of accuracy measured by purpose. A man may draw inspiration from the grandeur of his own aims, as a firefly shapes its flight by its own flashes. Tomorrow will depend upon to-day, yet at the same time to-day in a sense depends upon to-morrow. What to-morrow is in my purpose, to-day will, to some extent, be in my act. In architecture the spire is anticipated in the foundation, and so determines the foundation. It is slovenly living that is not controlled by anticipation as well as by memory. We can not do to-morrow's work to-day, but we can have to-day's work shaped and buttressed by what we are intending to do to-morrow. In a life which has meaning in it, past and future sustain each other. In an arch the stones on this side are kept in place by the stones on the other. When we step upon a bridge we are upheld as well by the abutment at the farther end as by that at the hither end. We have to acknowledge that our plans do often get thwarted; but, if you will interpret the words carefully, there is not so much hazard in framing long purposes as short ones. The longer will be less endangered by opposing circumstances. It is something in this respect as it is with a long keel at sea, which will easily cut the waves by which a shorter craft would be foundered.

### THE POWER OF WOMANLY NAMES.

Think of a woman trying to win independence, name and fame; to be a wise exemplar for children and youth; to achieve anything whatever, creditable, honorable or great, yet too timid to write her womanhood name! Perhaps little girls and quite young women may be pardoned, if, at the present day under past teaching and example, they are not always found to possess sufficient stamina to write their own names; but for persons of adult and mature age to parade under pet names, is to advertise themselves as weaklings. Could the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" have attained such mighty influence, had she been determined to be known only as "Hattie" Stowe? Does not Harriet Martineau carry an influence and power which "Hattie" could never have approached? Should we have more respect for the creator of "Jane Eyre," if she had figured as "Lottie" Bronte? Would it add to the fame of one of America's foremost lecturers to be heralded as "Mamie" Livermore? Can we, for a moment, conceive of women of their moral tone and caliber writing their names other than they did? No; those real, genuine names carried an immense influence and power, and will to the end. Among lesser lights will not *bona fide* names carry their corresponding and proportionate weight and force?—Detroit Free Press.

### Rational Mind Cure.

[Joseph Rodas Buchanan, M. D., in Mental Science Magazine.]

Is there such a thing as the cure of disease independent of material remedies? The dominant party that has assumed (wherever possible) the control of the healing art would say so—but would reluctantly admit that imagination might do something—yet not enough to make it worthy of systematic study and application. Material remedies alone do they consider scientific and respectable.

To answer this question I would ask, Is man a body or a spirit? If he is both, which is the essential or more important portion of his being? Clearly it must be that which is permanent, and which is not continually changing and dropping to pieces. His spirit continues forever and forever improves. His body does not last ten years—nay, not five, for its substance is continually changing, decomposing (actually rotting) and retains its identity only by means of the indwelling spirit. Like the knife that has been wearing out until it has been furnished with a new blade and a new handle and spring, the body has not sufficient permanence for identity. It is a transitory affair, continually passing (under the jurisdiction and power of the spirit) like the sands in an hour glass; and to compare this transitory and irregular concourse of atoms, formed only to be destroyed, to the eternal power that dominates over its structure, continually receiving and discharging its elements, is to show a woeful deficiency of understanding that would unfit any one for acquiring the very rudiments of philosophy.

The spirit then is the essential man—the body the clothing only; and whatever we may do to the body is effective only as it may influence the living power within it. Food and medicine do affect the physical body and thereby affect its vital energy within, and all the world is aware of their potency in causing and curing disease.

But is it not more effective if we can act directly upon the spiritual element, the eternal man, to whom the body is but a subordinate apparatus, subject to control from within? Can the spirit be reached only through the body—or does not spirit act upon spirit as matter upon matter? Can not the spirit, the real man, be acted upon, improved, changed or injured without material agency? Does not hope sustain the flagging energies, and does not despair lower the vital powers—has it not carried many a victim to the grave?

Let us take a larger view of the question. Whence is the body renewed but from the world of matter which is like itself. But for the influx of oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen and carbon in the form of food, the body would not grow, and could not even maintain its existence. Whence is the spirit developed? Something does not come from nothing, but from a reservoir of like material. The physical body is derived from the world of matter, and the spirit in like manner comes from the world of spiritual substance—the world that governs the phenomenal world of matter.

Never did a living being appear on the earth by the unaided action of matter, or mere play of chemical forces. The living thing, whether a plant or an animal, had in itself an element of life or spirit which was not matter, and that element was a portion of the infinite sphere of life and power which can never be seen by the material eye, but is visible to the opened vision of the spirit when man rises into the possession of his spiritual senses unnumbered by the material of the earth.

Not only does all life originate thus (and all the labors of Darwin, Haeckel, and a thousand other materialistic scientists have failed to discover that it ever came from a chemical universe of material atoms) but it is continually maintained from the spirit world. For as the body cut off from the material world would soon cease to exist, so the spirit cut off from the spirit world would perish likewise; for man is not a self-existent being—not a microscopic God, sufficient unto himself. He is but the confluent center in which spiritual powers assemble—a vortex of organized matter on earth, while from the higher spheres of being the influx is maintained—the source of its

being, as dimly perceived by sage and seer, being far away in the depths of the Infinite.

Yes, man, the spirit, lives by influx from the Infinite, and this profoundest truth of all science and wisdom is plainly shown to us in that divine plan of the human constitution which has been hidden through all past ages until revealed by the science of sarcognomy, from which materialistic colleges turn away. Let me illustrate this so that all may understand it as clearly as the profoundest anatomists understand the structure of nerves, muscles and bones.

The body is the clothing of the spirit, and is formed by the spirit. It corresponds to the spirit, therefore, as closely as the glove to the hand, or the shell of the tortoise to its body, and by the study of the body we gain access to the mysteries of the spirit. Thus in the brain, by the study of all the separate organs and their anatomical physiological connection, I discover the mutual relations of all the faculties of the soul which act through the separate convolutions, and when I study the body in its correspondence and close communion with the mysteries of spiritual life, not obtainable in any other way.

### NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

The fund for the benefit of Mrs. Hancock has reached \$18,000.

John B. Gough, the eminent temperance orator, died on the 18th inst.

A strike of ore has been made at McMillen, A. T., which is alleged to go \$16,000 to \$20,000 to the ton.

There was scarcely any increase in the bulk of the mail at the New York Post-office Saturday. Valentine's Day is in its decay.

George Q. Cannon was arrested at Winnemucca, Nev., Saturday, and will be sent to Salt Lake to stand trial on the charge of unlawful cohabitation.

St. Helen capitalists have purchased the land and buildings called Chinatown, at that place, and propose to convert the grounds into a public park.

Thirty-five brakemen on Morgan's Louisiana and Texas Railroad struck work Saturday night. They had been receiving \$54 per month and demand \$65.

Between forty and fifty lessees are working in Mayflower ground at Bullion, Idaho. They earn between \$5 and \$10 per man per day. The company keeps about ten men at work prospecting for ore bodies.

The single town of Besancon, in Switzerland, employs over 15,000 persons in watchmaking, and the annual product approaches 600,000 watches. A Government horological school is maintained there.

Charles Crocker has approved of plans for a building for the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society and given his check for \$33,000 to pay for the structure. The estimate of cost for the building is \$30,000. It will be located on the lot near Golden Gate Park, recently given the society by Senator Fair.

Charles Macroe, acting as agent for Mrs. Mary E. Hutchinson, now in Paris, has sold to Charles Crocker of San Francisco, for \$250,000 cash, the house and lot, 40x100 feet, 4 West Fifty-eighth street, New York, a five-story bluestone and brick fire-proof building in the rear of the house of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and overlooking his Fifty-eighth-street lots.

The tramp has now taken to stealing infants. The Jacksonville Herald says: Look out for your babies, as tramps are trying to kidnap them. One stepped into R. L. Sparkman's house at Starke, a few days since, and seized an infant and made off with it, and did not drop it until closely pursued by an irate mother, a spunky nurse, and several brave men.

In Chicago a young couple were tried for burglary. The wife had entered a neighbor's house through a window and stolen money which she gave her husband. The Court decided that a husband and wife could not be jointly convicted of a crime short of a capital offense, because the law presumes that the wife is acting under the influence or compulsion of the husband, and so sentenced the man but discharged the woman.



[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Woman's Mission.

The diversity that exists in nature extends from minute atoms upward through the scale of being, until man, the grandest revelation of wisdom, appears pre-eminently the embodiment of that divine center whence flows infinite variety of form and experience. And as the soul like every thing else in nature can give forth only that which is within, we will endeavor to present a few thoughts, trusting that they will be received as simply our perceptions and comprehension of woman and her mission. Being a woman my guide must be my own nature, hence my visible expression must be simply the outflowings and overflowings of my inner selfhood.

When looking deep into my interior being, and questioning the same, What do you most desire, for what are you best fitted? But one response greets me in which is whispered the words: "To love and be loved." This to me then appears as the key note to woman's highest, best, and divinest nature; and when the scale of her being is raised to a harmonious pitch with this note she will furnish an influence of almost infinite scope. In making use of the term love, please do not misunderstand me as referring to that low and selfish element, which seems to be the highest conception some have of this divine attribute. We refer to nothing of the kind, but to that most potent of all influences in nature, which lies at the foundation of existence; that holy inspiration that prefers the loved one to itself; that will lead the mother to sacrifice her life for her child, and through long years of struggle and self-denial merges the whole of her existence in one heroic effort to preserve her dear one from the very ills she bears with angelic patience and fortitude. That love so pure and holy that silently steals into the heart of man arousing all the best elements of his being into activity and usefulness, making him conscious that the old life was unworthy of his manhood. The scales of worldliness, false education, and selfishness drop from his wondering eyes, and he stands forth transformed in the light of a true woman's love. It is this all-powerful influence that elevates man above temptation, and makes him strong in every virtue. When woman realizes the power of that love which she holds within herself she will not ask for office or public position, where the coarse repulsive elements of man's nature show themselves in wrangling over issues and questions that can never become interesting or attractive to the woman of refinement. Home is woman's kingdom, and it is my conviction that the influence of her pure, true devotion, intelligently manifested, the wife over the husband, the mother over the son, will do more toward purifying, enlightening, and enabling men than all the positions of public trust that could be granted her. Woman's nature, under the ruling attribute love is far too impulsive and excitable to ever make her a successful, plotting, planning politician. Granting she could succeed in this direction, her whole nature must become radically changed. Woman loves the beautiful, the pure, the peaceful, the quiet and the seclusion of home, where her true nature can find full expression, and not the noise and bustle of political assemblages. So far as my observation extends the majority of women who advocate women's rights, and wish to vote, hold office, and do the things that men do, are masculine in their organizations, tastes, and judgments. The influence of woman in the home circle will do more towards destroying the use of tobacco, liquor, profanity and all other habits, crimes and vices, than any other power or privilege that can be vouchsafed to her. Still believing as we do in the all-powerful sway of wives, mothers, and sisters, we are not in favor of perpetuating the barriers which separate and make distinction in the privileges of the sexes, and trust the day may speedily dawn when our brothers will be magnanimous enough to remove them, that all women who desire may vote and hold office if qualified. But we do not feel that woman's mission lies in this direction, or that she will care to exercise the right to any great extent if enfranchised.

When the divine element of love becomes unfolded in all women and they are forever free from the bondage of the past, with its false systems of social relations, then a brighter day will shine, for humanity and justice shall flow onward like a broad and mighty river refreshing all alike, finding its destination in an infinite ocean of truth and light. And that glorious time is coming; it is even now faintly visible. Through the mists of ignorance and injustice a bright star is shining, and in its mystic light a woman's face dispels the shadows, and a woman's slender fingers unwind the tangled thread of life, making every crooked place straight and all darkness light. Man is analytical, logical, scientific and philosophical. Woman is impassible, inspirational and intuitive. Her philosophy is purely of a domestic character. Love is the grand standard by which she determines the right and the wrong of all things. Her intuitions grasping the deepest and highest problems of life, she at once comprehends and expresses what it takes her brother years to develop. Her soul is a prophecy of the divine intent towards humanity, and when it is freed from false

customs, false practices, and the slavery she has been subjected to by social bondage, then will she arise to a sublime altitude drawing all humanity into a purer, clearer atmosphere.

None need weary or faint then in well doing, but with renewed energy unite in working for humanity. Then will the time come when misguided and unfortunate women, who are ignored and lightly esteemed by their more fortunate sisters, be forever a thing of the past. With a broad and holy charity that encompasses all who suffer stretch out loving hands to those who need help, remembering always that the divine spark is there and needs only right conditions for unfoldment. Then will the good of others be promoted by tender words and noble endeavor, striving to make all life free from stain and blemish that those who come within such influence may feel that they have breathed a purer, higher atmosphere and been refreshed thereby. In the home circle as wives and mothers all should strive to order their affairs with wisdom and economy. When woman learns the secret of making home the brightest, happiest and most attractive place in all the world for her husband and sons, club-rooms, bar-rooms and saloons will have little attraction and "home, sweet home," will be the paradise of this charmed circle. It is a law in nature that opposites attract, as is shown in the positive and negative conditions of matter; so men and women are the most powerfully drawn to their opposites.

An effeminate man that lacks those noble and exalting qualities which inspire woman's love is sure to be regarded as a nobody by both sexes; and coarse masculine women seldom find admirers save with the above named class. Men, being naturally positive, are better adapted to meet the rough side of life than women.

As a rule, men do not like positive women any better than women like negative men. Woman desires a husband she can look up to,—one that she feels can care for and shield her from every foe. Man, with his superior strength, needs some loving, clinging nature to whom he can stretch out his strong arms and say, "Here is protection." Woman is the vine, man the sturdy oak around which she entwines the arms of her affection as they both ascend heavenward.

Right here, like a far-away echo, comes this question,—How about the mission of women who never marry? To this noble army of heroic workers, who will never feel the sacred inspiration of an all-absorbing love so deep, pure and tender that self is absorbed in another; to the loving hearts that will never know the holy ecstasy of a mother-love, for all such there must be compensation. If, for some reason unknown, the beautiful gardens of such natures have brought forth bud and bloom, whose garnered sweetness was distilled for other children of earth than their own, giving comfort to those who sorrowed, encouragement to the discouraged, and help to each and all who come within the radius of their influence and ministrations, surely theirs has been a holy mission beautifully accomplished. And in the hereafter, when the great why and wherefore of earthly life shall be made clear, the brightest reward may be given to these patient toilers who sowed for others to reap, and lived lives of devotion not for husband or children, but for the great world of humanity.

MRS. C. C. PEET.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 13, 1886.

## The Man With a "New Heart."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

We have in Portland a very religious man, whom I will designate as Mr. B. He is just too good to belong to any church, he is a "come-outer." He knows many things, among others thinks he accounts for the phenomenon Spiritualism through psychology, says he can make any medium see just what he wants them to see, and tell him just what he wants them to tell him, and claims that King Saul, in consulting the woman of Endor, (he calls her the witch of Endor,) only saw just what he conceived in his own mind. As I know he prided himself on standing by the word of God, I said to him: "But the word says Samuel appeared and that Samuel said unto the woman, and that Samuel said unto Saul; you certainly would not presume to change the reading of the word." "Oh," said he, "I see you never have had a change of heart; I used to act and talk as you do, before I was converted, but when God gave me a new heart I saw things in a new light." I replied: "You have had a change of heart, have you? How did such a thing come about?" "Oh," said he, "I was under conviction and I realized what a great sinner I was in the sight of God—how I had trampled on His holy word and had rolled sin as a sweet morsel under my tongue. Then I prayed God for Christ sake to give me a new heart, to take away my old wicked heart and gave me a new one clean and pure, and as I thus prayed God came to me and gave me the new heart and sealed it for His heavenly kingdom, since then I have been an altered man." "How would it do," I said, "to apply your law of psychology to your case? Did not you, too, get just what you went for? Were you not in the same fix that Saul was in, and received just what you asked for?" At this he became quite indignant and I thought to myself it was about time that God gave him another new heart.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Or., Feb. 10, 1886.

## The Spiritual Body.

[From the new book now in the hands of the publishers, written by J. P. Deane of San Francisco.]

The spiritual body is composed of atoms, but are more refined in their nature. It possesses the same organs as the physical body possessed; as it is cast in the same mould it must therefore retain the same form. A spirit can not be a "detached intellect" wandering formless and shadowy; it must retain its form for the purpose of identity. The mind, the essence of the spirit, can not be detached from the spiritual matter, or body. Mind without form, "detached intellect," would be without power and void of existence to do good or evil. So each individual takes along with him his desires, knowledge and emotions, and they are the same there as on the earth—some plotting mischief, filled with evil desires, while there are others intent on doing good; and all of the evil nature has to be worked out before the spirit can rise and progress. The spiritual body is created out of the physical. This dual development commences with the dawn of being and continues until death. The physical form appropriates the physical portion of the food, the spiritual the remaining portion. The two forms mature together; one pervading and being the exact copy of the other; so close are the relation between them, every impression made upon one must affect the other. Food, which nourishes, stimulates, which excite and exercise a powerful influence is felt for infinite time. The spirit, when it takes its departure, must bear the stain of deformity, or beauty, of its physical organism it possessed here; but in the course of time it will outgrow its deformity and become beautiful, for beauty is perfection—the model of the All-wise Master; for this reason we all love and admire the beautiful.

There is a close relation between body and spirit, as is well illustrated by the parable of the sower—some of the grains had fallen on a different kind of soil and it produced a different result. The acorn planted on a poor, barren soil, produces a scrub oak and inferior acorn; that on rich soil produces a magnificent oak and large fine acorns, so in this way different varieties of oaks are produced; all is dependent on the environments—poor food, poor associations produce poor results.

As the spirit and physical body are matured together, while connected they are mutually related. It is clearly self-evident that one can not be injured without at least a sympathetic effect on the other. A wrong done to the immortal is retained forever. If a man lose a limb he has a scar telling of the wound, although he live a century. The physical limb may be removed still he feels that it is there. The least mark is visible, though the whole of the matter that composes the body may have passed away several times. If the physical body so tenaciously retains the witnesses of former transgressions and injuries, how can any one expect to proceed for a life in a systematic course of wrong to his immortal nature and fellow-man and escape with impunity? It is a fearful mistake. The spirit is the real of which the body is the fleeting shadow; and impressions on that real, compared with those of the body, are as lasting as the signature of the storm and whirlwind, scarred with fire, on granite mountains, contrasted with the fitful shadows of a phantasmagoria. Write a wrong on the spirit, only the eternal ages can erase it. Do a deed of sin and never can it be repeated. The words of passion, their deeds of error, are written on the adamant book of the individual life, and the furnace blast of hell can not burn their record out, the ocean can not wash it away. It can only be erased from the memory of the spirit by the law of compensation; it must be made white, not by the blood of Christ but good acts to mortal man—whiter in the body, or to spirits in the spirit-world.

We must not confound the soul with that of the spirit. By some it is called spirit; spirit and soul are often used synonymous, while others say that the soul is the causation, the germ, the Ego, and that the spirit is the body of the soul; while other writers say the soul is the body of the spirit, and the spirit is the Ego, the immortal spark that is drawn from on high. Be that as it may, it is only a difference in the use of the terms; so in determining it, one must always keep this fact in mind, or he will be likely to get composed and misled as to what the writer wishes to express; nor must the soul or spirit be confounded with that of physical life, a mistake that may writers and philosophers make. The life is a force that is perishable, while the soul is immortal; life is an ephemeral state, doomed to enfeeblement and destruction of the physical body, while the soul is above every assault and never dies. Like heat and electricity, life is a force engendered by certain causes, having begun, it comes to an end, and beyond this end it is nothing. The soul, on the contrary, has no end, it has no beginning, it always existed; to admit it had a beginning would be to admit it had an end. Plotinus "asserts the soul to be an essence which miseries and changes can not touch, that these reach only to the shadow of it, not the substance; that its bliss is in pure seeing, free of the blindness of material desires and pursuits."

"The union of the soul with the body is for the sake of liberation," says Kapila.

The individualizing of intelligence, so souls conjoined with nature, if it can not move can see, and nature if it can not see can advance under guidance, and if man would listen to the inner whisperings of his better nature his soul would seldom err and he would not make so many mistakes in life. The soul, according to Kapila, the sacred book of the Hindoos, says: "We must not confound the mind as such; having a higher form of knowledge; pure, independent, undisturbed vision. "Soul is the seer, the spectator, the bystander." It is intuition in its distinction for opinion, the higher reason, in contrast with the limits of understanding. It is knowing—it is wisdom. It is free from all qualities which produce the imperfectness of experience—free, therefore, from their activity or pursuits of special objects, which in experience produces dependence, bondage, loss and grief. Steadfast, imperturbable, perfectly self-subsistent, it must be related to the world of imperfect conditions as a witness and a bystander only, not a participant in these defects.

In man we recognize first a material body, second, vital forces, third, self-consciousness, so that we have the human constitution divided into three parts, which may be better understood as body, spirit and soul.

The body of a man is an epitome of the fluids and solids, the simple elements and compound substances which exist in the physical world which he has eaten, drank and breathed, which has undergone certain chemical changes called growth and assimilation as they have been acted upon by the vital forces and self-consciousness which goes to build up the tenement for the dwelling of the inner thinking and reasoning man. The body is the tenement in which the soul and spirit dwells. It is composed of flesh and blood, bones, sinews, muscles, nerves, skin and hair, which are made up of vegetable and mineral substances. The spirit or spiritual body is compounded of the elemental forces which correlate with each other, are interchangeable under the titles of motion, life, sensation, instinct and intelligence; and are drawn from food, drink and respirable air and the so-called impalpables, all of which, after death, enters into the formation and constitution of the spiritual body. In other words, it is the inner thinking man that separates the body and soul and connects soul and body, which contains the various ethers and essences which operate upon laws analogous to electricity positively and negatively; yet it is demonstrable that they are neither terrestrial electricity nor any correlative chemical or magnetic force, notwithstanding the strong "family likeness" manifested both in their countenances and general conduct in the organization.

## A Mystery Explained.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

During the fifty-five years of my naturalized American citizenship I have had extensive correspondence and co-operation with the most distinguished philanthropists; but the spread of slander, from an apparent authentic source, has, of late, occasioned a serious misunderstanding, so that my old co-workers wonder how it can be possible that one who has spent a fortune and risked his life in behalf of justice should himself be so unjust—even an old friend and distinguished advocate for the Indians declines co-operation and has recently sent me a postal card from Washington, D. C., with insulting allusions, and concluding with, "I am not now in the Indian business." If this was a mere personal matter it would not be now noticed; but as it relates to a national affair of great importance I must explain the mystery for the information of the public:

In 1878, the good Peter Cooper wrote a letter to President Hayes commending me as a fit person for one of a commission to adjust the difficulty with the Indians in Colorado.

The President spoke kindly and promised to do all that I desired. I staid in Washington from Dec. 1878 to August 1879, and after many interviews with more promises the Congress broke up after my long waiting at great cost for nothing. I did not anticipate such a result, because it was only a few weeks before the death of President Lincoln that Commissioner Dole showed me a note from him requesting me to take a position in the Indian Department, and because I declined Mr. Dole said, with surprise, "Why, you are the only man that comes to this office but what comes to grind his own ax."

The remembrance of this in connection with the promises of President Hayes seemed to assure me of an appointment; so in order to be fully prepared I took in partnership a person who had been a long time resident with the frontier Indians—a noted clairvoyant medium, and in all respects seemed well adapted for the work which I expected to have. I do not wish to reflect unkindly upon the party whom I shall designate by the letter A. They had a place in one of the Government Departments, which, I believe, they could have resumed after we knew that all the promises of President Hayes had failed; but A. had friends in California and determined to accompany me by the way of my Oregon home. I had no objection to this; but, fortunately, A. became mentally unbalanced—either insane or obsessed, perhaps both—and when out of my hearing gave such a one-sided and exaggerated statement of our arrangement

that made me appear as an unprincipled speculator, and I have since learned that A. wrote letters of defamation to several of my friends. I have purposely omitted some points, because they are sufficiently known.

In 1862 the Northern Indians had been cheated out of all their annuities for five years previous to the Rebellion, amounting to \$500,000. Being starved to desperation they avowed that they would fight rather than die like starved dogs. I made this known to high officials, but it was unheeded; so the Indians spread themselves upon a line of one hundred miles long for a simultaneous outbreak which cost the slaughter of one thousand people and twenty million dollars to check.

At its close a public meeting was had at the Rev. Dr. Sunderland's church in Washington, D. C., at which Mrs. Jane Swishelm said: "If I were a man I would hunt, shoot, trap and kill the Indian as I would kill wild cats and wolves. (She reported for a paper in St. Paul, Minn.) When I uttered that," she said, "applause was so long and loud that it seemed as though the roof would burst from the church."

On the 26th of last month a public meeting of Indians and their friends was held in the same church. There were present distinguished Presidents of colleges, Judges and Senators, all of whom were unanimous in behalf of justice for this oppressed people. In the evening an entertainment was given by a score of Indian boys and girls from various tribes, whose songs, recitations and speeches gave admirable satisfaction to all who heard them.

The striking contrast of these two meetings in the same church is the result of co-operation in which my friend who writes, "I am not now in the Indian business," was an efficient actor. There is yet much to be done for reform. It is a sad thought that reformers should stumble or stop at the supposed, or even the real, errors of their co-workers.

JOHN BEESON.

TALANT, Oregon, Feb. 10, 1886.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## "Render Unto Caesar," Etc.

Is there any kind of appropriation more detestable than the appropriating by another one's dearest treasures, one's new, best thoughts? and appropriating, too, without the kindly, loving words of gratitude or acknowledgement, without so much as "ex" to indicate that the party of the second voice gives utterance to original thoughts uttered by the party of the first voice. This shabby kind of—we had almost said stealing—this, "Oh! I knew it all the time; it is not new to me; I may not have uttered it, but I have had all those thoughts." You have had them? Why did you not speak them? Why do you speak them now? Would it not be better to be strictly just, religiously honest and tenderly grateful and say, "I recognized the truth of your thoughts or of this principle, I see their beauty, I thank you for voicing them; their expression is new to me, but it is also truth to me, and I hasten to endorse; I will hasten to give utterance and resend the truth echo ringing. There would be in such an acknowledgement the very refinement of justice, and the sweet exercise of the most beautiful of all human or soul graces, gratitude.

To be sure there are in nature actually no new truths, and it is also true that all new thoughts expressed are but the voicing of a common truth whose germs lie either perfectly dormant, partly mature, or in some natures just ready to blossom into perfection. But the soul through whose lips this new principle is uttered, or the newer interpretation expressed, the man or woman who discovers in nature, in art, in science, in philosophy, a new truth, they should be given by their fellow-mortals the sweet meed of praise, encouragement, and gratitude. And we positively know the world of spirits who look into the inner lives, who know us past our empty speech, and see beneath the superficial surface covering; they will know and reward all souls who render this high refinement of justice, as they will also remember with pain all those who prey upon their fellow mortals to the ignoble end of self-aggrandizement, the shining borrowed, yea, worse, a pilfered light; oh, how much they miss in the sweet rewards which follow the legitimate exercise of these higher and finer attributes of the human soul. We can not deceive the all-seeing eye of our own spirits, and every unholy act of this kind will dwarf and scar the soul. We can not deceive the living angels, who are pained oftentimes inexpressibly by this injustice; and the time will come when we can not deceive the spirits who yet dwell in the flesh. Soul will sense a shadow, soul will sense an undefined pain, soul will sense a lack of soul, of depth of strength, an unnamable inharmonious, which renders the truth less powerful. Better be honest though another soul, however humble, has set a truth echo ringing, whose grand refrain be will wafted down, down, through ages. An invisible host are watching thee. Wouldst walk in the new light? Do not defraud thy fellow workers.

Fifty-eight cavalry horses, with their trappings, were burned to death in a fire at Fort Custer, M. T., on the 20th ult. The loss is quite large, that on the horses alone being over \$9,000. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.



## Angelic Ministration.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The following message was received for a sorrowing mother, present, who had laid away the earthly form of an only and lovely little girl of four years, one of earth's most lovely little ones. She was wondering how it could be possible for her lost one to be happy anywhere in the great beyond among strangers, and away from the home nest where she had known no sorrow. We are assured that all children are lovingly received by the angels, and I send this message, hoping that it may bring glad tidings to other mothers who are wondering "who loves the baby now." I was personally acquainted with the earth-life of "spirit Adelaide," and can vouch for the truthfulness of any statement she may make. She never could be induced to misrepresent any thing while in earth-life, and there is no reason to think that her nature has changed during the many years of her spirit-life. Yours truly,

H. H. KIRBY.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Feb. 7, '86.

**MY SORROWING ONE:**—Your cry of despair is heard by loving angels in the beyond, and I come with the assurance that they are "ministering angels" to all who mourn for loved ones that have passed into this beautiful home of spirit-life. There is ever loving ones on this side watching and waiting to receive all of earth's children and make them happy in this life of loving care and beauty.

I saw the cloud hovering over your home and saw that nothing could prevent the sorrow that would so crushingly envelop you, and remained closely by your side, imparting all the strength possible, so that you would not give up in despair when the dreadful hour came. Fear not, my dear one; all in earth-life have guardian angels given unto them, and it has ever been my pleasure to assume that loving care over you and yours. When the time came for your darling to leave the earth form, I received and carried her lovingly to our home in heaven, where many little ones from "Summer Valley" were waiting for her coming. They had known for some time that she would come and were anxious to greet her; they had covered our home with perfect white blossoms; the path to the home was also covered with white flowers; my arm chair was covered with white satin which fell to the mossy carpet; over the door were the words, "Angel Edna," made of flowers; part way down the pathway they had erected a beautiful bell, composed of white and pink rosebuds, and at the bell were stationed four little ones, who dropped sprigs of tiny lilies of the valley upon her breast; as I passed with her they followed, singing, "My precious one, come into our bower." On entering the home I sat down in the chair and held her close to my bosom, and all waited for her to enter into a state of consciousness. Very soon she opened her beautiful eyes and looked quietly at me for a long time, then gazed at the group of twenty-five little children surrounding her, they remaining perfectly quiet; soon she raised her eyes to my face once more, then put her hands up and covered her face. I kissed her, and inquired if she would like to go to her grandpa, grandma, papa and mamma? if she did, I would take her to them, for I loved her and would be glad to go with her. I told her that she was so very sick that I had taken her away from home so she could get well again; that I had been close by her all the time and would like to have her stay here in my home if she would like to. She made no reply to this. Then I said, shall we take some flowers—some of these pretty flowers—to mamma, papa, grandma, grandpa and uncle Ed? I will put a lot of them in a basket, and you and I will both go and show them to grandpa; shall we, darling? Then, as I expected, she burst out crying as though her heart would break, and said, "I want to go home." Then I took her close to my bosom, and she put her little arms tight around my neck, and thus we returned to her earth home, and to you, who were so bowed down with grief at your great loss.

She appeared to feel that I was her friend and was never afraid of me. Oh! if I could have prevented the pang of homesickness the darling felt at that time how happy would I have been. When we returned all was quiet in the home; her little earthly form was laid away among the beautiful flowers to remain forever at rest. As we entered the side door our little rosebud spoke for the first time after the cry to go home, and said "there is grandpa." I put her down at the door opening into the sitting-room, and she passed in and walked directly to grandpa and climbed into his lap and remained snuggled down, affectionately, some time before saying anything, then said, "You didn't want me to stay away, did you?" She knew that she had been taken away from home in some way and that she was not happy away from her own home. After sitting in grandpa's lap quite a good while she slipped down on the floor and went to grandma, and told her that "she saw whole lots of pretty flowers, and lots of little girls, but she didn't want to stay." Then she went to mamma and told her that "she saw lots of pretty flowers, and lots of pretty girls, and lots of pretty things, and don't you want to see them?" As none of you answered she was surprised, for you had always been so glad to listen to, and talk with, her. She wondered what had happened to all of you. She did not for a moment think that anything had happened to her, for she had on her plush waist and plaid skirt that she and grandpa liked so well.

I told her that mamma and all of you were not feeling very well just now, which appeared to satisfy her as she said, "Well, that is too bad; guess she will feel better pretty soon." Then she went to her sick

papa's bedside and laid her head lovingly down by his face and said, "You don't feel very well, do you, papa? As he said nothing she remarked, "Guess papa is gone to sleep."

I saw a cloud of disappointment coming over her countenance and knew that I must in some way explain the change that had come to her, and took her in my arms and told her that she had been very sick; that I had taken her to my home where she would never be sick any more; that all of you feel so bad just now that you could not see her, but you would be very glad to know that she was well again and happy. She did not understand this but appeared to think that it must be some such way or I would not have told her so. She has had so much confidence in me from the first that my whole soul went out to her. It took time for her to understand that she had changed, and frequently said, "Mamma Adelaide, I am not changed at all, only I am well now and don't cough any more." And so I allowed her to think that you had changed, or were feeling bad about something, but assured her that you would feel better and be happy pretty soon—pretty soon is a charming way she has of getting around things she can not understand. "Well, it will be all right pretty soon," and passes on.

Edna is never unhappy in my home in "Summer Valley," but does not want to remain long away from my home, as she terms your earth home; I am also very happy in the same home, therefore we spend very much of our time there.

All children are not so strongly attached to the earth home as she is; all such long to see their mamma and loved ones and would be perfectly miserable if they could not return and nestle close up to the dear ones as before the change that carries them into this new life.

It was well that you let all of her playthings remain as they were when she passed away, for she always looks for them and is happy among them. It is a great mistake to put everything out of sight, for then the home is so changed that the little ones grieve and are sorrowful—wonder what has become of all the toys that were so dear to them; this with the fact that you can not hear their remarks causes them to wonder what has happened. We gradually lead them to understand that they have become angels; that we are spirits and you are mortals; that some time you will get sick and come to our home as she did; that then you will not feel bad any more and can see them just the same as ever, and that then you will always remain with them in the "Summer Valley"—always teach them that they can return to your earth home and carry these lovely flowers and have nice happy times there. Edna is ever with me, and when you come to this shore the very first to meet and greet you will be your darling Edna and myself; then we will lead you to more beautiful scenes, and to a more beautiful home than you can imagine. There are many mansions and many homes in heaven prepared by loving hands, and we are waiting patiently to receive you when your earth work is done. Mortal eye hath not seen the wonderful beauties of Spirit Land; and the reality will far exceed any description that can be given.

Have no fear for the happiness and well being of your darling little rosebud; she will have the loving care of the angels who will bring her to you very often. We will come to you with loving influences and words of comfort to cheer as you pass from duty to duty in earth life, and when your work is done you will receive a rich reward in your heavenly home with us.

SPIRIT ADELAIDE.

**EVOLUTION AND RELIGION.**—Rev. M. J. Savage, the celebrated Unitarian preacher, of Boston, delivered a lecture on "Evolution and Religion, from the Standpoint of One Who Believes in Both," in the Academy of Music, New York, recently, before a large audience. His utterance was deliberate and impressive. After scoring a number of highly appreciative points on Dr. Talmage for his "Absurdities of Evolution," and rehearsing the progress of the world from the formation of the rocks to the present day, Mr. Savage said: "What is evolution? It is a theory of the steps by which the earth has come to its present condition and how the different forms of animals and vegetable life have succeeded one another and have come to what they are. Evolution has come and come to say. It takes away some things, but they are such as no clear head or human heart would like to keep. To accept it you will have to surrender the belief in the fall of man, in the common doctrine of heaven and hell and the teachings of the Bible. But evolution does not put God beyond us. It brings him unspeakably nearer to us than ever before. He is in every grass-blade beneath our feet in every nerve thrill, in every heart throb that answers love with love. So far from it being true that evolution destroys religion, it is preparing the foundation for the grandest temple of human worship that was ever reared."

If Christianity is to hold her own, Christians must beware of stagnant doctrines and dead theologies. Prophetic were the words of John Robinson to the Pilgrim Fathers,—"I am persuaded of the Lord that he hath more truth to break out of his Scriptures." Theology must learn to change her line voluntarily and by her own insight, and not be forced to do so only when the strangling grasp of science or criticism is at her throat.—*Canon Farrar.*

## Reminiscences of C. H. Foster.

[At a Union meeting of the First Society of Spiritualists and the New York Conference, held Jan. 24, 1886, as reported for Banner of Light, the following interesting experiences were given.]

MR. P. E. FARNSWORTH'S EXPERIENCE.

There is quite a difficulty with me about narrating my experience with Mr. Foster, as I find difficulty in remembering dates. I think I must have known Mr. Foster for fifteen or twenty years probably, and during that time I had a great many seances with him. I always found him genial, courteous, gentlemanly—if indeed we can count a man gentlemanly who sits at a seance with his coat off and in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a cigar. I introduced dozens of men to Mr. Foster, and I know that every one who went to him for the purpose of investigating did get something which set him to thinking. Several physicians went with me to investigations, and although I do not feel at liberty to give their names on this occasion, I can give you some of the facts which occurred in their presence. One of the doctors had a theory that Mr. Foster could read the names which were written on slips of paper and rolled up, because he noticed that he always put these pellets before his face, and he generally sat so that the paper would come between him and the window. I said to him, "Doctor, to satisfy yourself on that question, you can enclose the names in tin-foil before you leave your office." He did carefully enclose the name in a solid roll of tin-foil, but it did not make a particle of difference with Mr. Foster, for he never failed to give the name and relationship correctly.

I propose to relate now what many have heard, but I believe it has not been made a matter of record, a test of public interest, and one of the strongest I have known any person to give as a medium. It was in connection with the death of Mrs. Maggie Lattison, daughter of Mrs. Hull, who was known as a medium and speaker. She was a widow, though a young woman of not more than twenty-five years of age. I can not state the time exactly, but it was when the Society of Progressive Spiritualists and the Lyceum held their meetings in the old Masonic Hall in 13th street. Mrs. Lattison was one of the leaders in the Lyceum. She had been noticed to be in a despondent state of mind, while there was no apparent cause for this condition. She was a graceful dancer, and her company was ever sought. About this time it was noticed she appeared to be despondent and gloomy. Her mother said that she had frequently spoken of committing suicide. She tried to cheer her daughter up, but could not succeed in so doing. Mrs. Lattison gave no reason for her gloom. The last seen of this interesting young lady was when Mr. Merritt came to the Lyceum, and said he saw her at 3d Avenue and 14th street waiting for a car to take her up town. She had started to go to the Lyceum with a younger sister. When she had got to the place named, Mrs. Lattison told her sister to go on, that she had forgotten something, and must return home for it. Instead of going home she took a 3d Avenue car, and went to Harlem, and that was the last that she was seen alive. This was on a Sunday. The next day her muff and some of her clothing were found on the banks of the Harlem River near 134th street, leaving people to suppose that she had thrown herself into the river. This occurred about Christmas time, and the river was frozen over. The next day I assisted in dragging the river to find her body, but all search proved fruitless; her body was not found.

In February following I went in company with a gentleman and we called on Mr. Foster, and after getting through with our tests and receiving answers to all questions asked, suddenly Mr. Foster pulled up his coat-sleeve and showed us his arm, and there were on it, in large, blood-red letters, the two initials, "M. L.," capital letters. It did not occur to me at the time what those letters signified. Mr. Foster said: "Some one is here and wishes to be recognized." I said, "By whom?" He replied, "I think it is you." I said, "I do not know who M. L. is; unless the spirit can rap out its name, I cannot tell who M. L. is." In an instant Mr. Foster seized a pencil and wrote on paper the name, "Maggie Lattison." I said, "Maggie, tell me the circumstances of your death; it is a mystery." It was supposed by some that she had placed her muff and clothing at the edge of the river as a blind, to make people think she had drowned herself. I said: "Maggie, how is it? Tell me the circumstances of your death." Mr. Foster said: "This lady tells me a very strange story; I do not like to repeat it." I remarked: "If she tells you to repeat it, please let us know what it is." Mr. Foster then gave the words communicated by the spirit, the purport of which was that for reasons she thought sufficient, she threw herself into the Harlem River. I said: "Maggie, if that is so, how is it that your body was never found?" Mr. Foster wrote: "Because they did not look in the right place; it was there; it will be found when the ice breaks up; you will find my hat tied upon my head just as it was when I left home that day." About ten days after that a tugboat went up the Harlem River and broke the ice in the river from shore to shore, and the body of Maggie Lattison rose and floated to the surface. It was taken to the dead-house, and there it was recognized by her friend, Mr. Howland, as the body of Mrs.

Maggie Lattison. I myself went to the dead-house, and there lay the body, the hat tied on the head, fastened in a bow-knot under her chin, just as she had said it would be found. I think this is one of the best established cases on record of a medium telling us the truth of that which could only be known by the spirit in life. The body had lain under the ice until it was found, and neither Mr. Foster nor any man, woman or child living knew where the body was.

MR. HENRY J. NEWTON'S EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Henry Van Gelder and myself were in the habit of calling frequently upon Mr. Foster when he lived at No. 1257 Broadway, between Thirty-first and Thirty-second streets. One evening we called, and immediately preceding us were two gentlemen, who had just taken their seats at a table. Nothing had been said or done, and we excused ourselves to Mr. Foster, saying that we would not remain, seeing that he was engaged. Mr. Foster requested us not to leave, and we seated ourselves; then Mr. Foster turned to give these gentlemen a seance. They were strangers, and, as we learned, skeptics, holding Spiritualism in very light esteem, in fact did not believe in it at all. One of them it appears in going past the house had a great trouble in his mind in reference to a friend who had sailed some time before for Europe; the vessel had not been heard from, and he was afraid that his friend had been lost, and consequently was in a great state of anxiety about him. The two gentlemen had entered Mr. Foster's house apparently simply out of curiosity, and not with any idea that they would receive anything in reference to what was upon the mind of this gentleman. Nothing was said; they took their seat. Mr. Foster turned and said to them, "I know what you came here for; I see now; I see; that ship has been in a terrible storm, and has been disabled. It is the *Valley Forge*, and your friend Woodruff, who is on board, is all right. The ship became disabled off the coast of Ireland, but she will be in Belfast in a few days." Now you will observe that if Mr. Foster could have read their minds he would have been compelled to read something that was an utter blank about that ship, for they knew nothing about where the ship was. The *Valley Forge* was a sailing vessel, and there was no mode of communication with her, nor even with the coast of Ireland. Mr. Foster gave the name of the vessel and the name of the friend who was on board. The gentlemen drew back from the table in utter astonishment, saying, "Well, well, well; how did you get those names?" Mr. Foster replied, "I have told you the truth." This was on a Tuesday evening, and on Friday evening of that same week there was in the *New York Herald*, among the shipping news, this statement: "The *Valley Forge* was disabled off the coast of Ireland, and arrived safely in Belfast yesterday. All on board well." I went to Mr. Van Gelder's store and showed him the report in the *Herald* at the time. Before coming here to-day I related this occurrence to Mr. Van Gelder, and he said that my remembrance of the case corresponded with his exactly. Now that disposes of any mind-reading. Those are the facts, and they were out of reach of any person in New York, and were known only to those who were on board that ship. These two gentlemen when they entered Mr. Foster's office came with sneers on their faces and with an air of unbelief, but at the close of the interview one of the gentlemen was so well pleased with Mr. Foster's mediumship that he gave him two hundred dollars.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH AND IMMEDIATE RETURN.

In August, 1861, my first husband, Mr. George C. Sherman, was at Montpelier Junction, Vt., on business. He had started for his home in Waterbury, Vt., and was run over by the cars about five o'clock in the afternoon. His legs were so badly crushed that he died about one o'clock in the night. I was thirty miles from home, and knew nothing of what had happened. The church clock struck one, and awoke me from a sound sleep, and to the consciousness that my husband was standing by my bed; and I said: "George, I have had a bad dream. I thought I was away from you, and sick; I am so glad it is not so, and that you are here." He then drew me to him, and kissed me, saying: "I will be always near you to warn you of danger." These words he had used a short time before in a conversation on Spiritualism, when he said he hoped he should be permitted to come to me, if there was any truth in it. He appeared to me as natural as anybody in the flesh, and, as he rose from the bed, I said: "You are not going now, are you?" It is only one o'clock, for I heard the clock strike only a few minutes ago." He answered: "I must go." He stooped and kissed me, and then with a sigh said: "Oh, I must go!" and vanished. I knew then it was his spirit I had seen, and the next day heard the sad news that my husband was dead. He said he would warn me of danger, and he has done so many times. I was not then a Spiritualist, but through the manifestation of spirits I have been brought to the grand and beautiful knowledge that our friends live beyond the grave, and can, under proper conditions, return to earth, and hold sweet communion with us.—*Mrs. C. A. Cutting, in Facts.*

It is reported that the Sierra Buttes mine in El Dorado county yielded about \$50,000 for January.

## EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I am glad you are carrying out your plan of having an Experience Department, for, next to getting tests one's self is the satisfaction of reading of those which others have received.

Several years ago it was my good fortune to have many sittings with a very remarkable medium for certain forms of psychical manifestation. Indeed I think, all things considered, he was one of the most remarkable sensitives I ever heard of. At that time he was a young man about eighteen or nineteen years of age, a farmer's son, and up to the time of his sudden development as a medium, had had no knowledge of the subject of Spiritualism. His education was much the same as that of any farmer's son who lived at some distance from any commercial or educational center. He was gifted with wonderful powers of physical phenomena as well as of mental; but it is of the latter that I wish to speak at this time. His home was on Eel River Island, about twenty miles from Eureka, Humboldt county, in this State.

In May, 1882, a few of us were assembled at the house of his father, and it was proposed that we should have a sitting. The medium consented, and, seating ourselves around a small center-table he was soon entranced.

Among the sitters was a Mr. Deighan, who resided about four miles from the place where our circle was held. After various manifestations of different phases of spirit power, such as table-tipping, mind-reading and trance speaking, the medium suddenly turned to Mr. Deighan and (being deeply entranced) said: "There is something going wrong at your house. I will go and see what it is." Mr. Deighan was a bachelor, and when he was away from home his house had no occupant. The medium was quiet for a few moments, and then his control, addressing Mr. D., said: "There is an Indian trying to break into your house. He is working at the front door. Now he is shaking it. There! something has fallen down inside the house and made a great noise. Now he is running away, terribly frightened. Now he stops and listens; he is coming back. He is at the east window; he is putting a three-legged bench to the window." Mr. D. here remarked that he knew of no such thing on his place. The control said: "Well, that's what it is, anyway. Now he is up on the bench and trying to raise the window; it won't raise. He has an old, dull chisel in his hand and is trying to cut out a pane of glass. There is a table standing against the window, on the inside, and a little red tassel lying on it. Now he stops and lays his chisel on the window-sill and goes off toward his house, about a quarter of a mile distant." A long pause. "Now he is in his house and is talking to his wife." Mr. D. asked: "What kind of a looking Indian is he?" The control said: "He is a pretty large man, and has lost one eye, and has on boots with nails in the soles." Soon after, this circle broke up and the medium came out of his trance.

The next morning Mr. D. went home and made a careful examination of all the approaches to his house. There had been considerable rain fallen the day before, and the ground was quite soft; and there, sure enough, were the tracks of nailed boots approaching his front door; and going the other way were the same tracks, but much farther apart, showing conclusively that the person making them was running away. Near by were the same tracks approaching the house again; and Mr. D. traced them directly to the east window where he found a three-legged bench which he had never seen before. On the window sill lay the old chisel, and the putty of one of the panes of glass was partially cut away; and curiously enough inside on the table was a little red tassel off a window curtain. On going into the house he found that a tin wash-basin of large size, which he always hanged on a nail upon the wall, was lying upon the floor.

Need anything be added to make the test more complete? Yet there was something. There were many Indians living near him, and among them were two who had each lost an eye, and one of them was generally considered a suspicious character; and these were facts of which the medium was quite ignorant. In fact, at the time of giving the test he had never been near the place.

Does not this furnish a pretty hard nut for non-believers to crack?

The facts taken either singly or collectively are quite out of the range of the most common explanation given of such things,—that of mind reading; for of the most of them no one in the form knew anything; and the only reasonable explanation of them is that either the medium or some attending spirit had a supersensuous power of seeing and hearing things which ordinary mortals could not. And this being admitted goes far towards answering Job's great question, "If a man die shall he live again?" E. G. A.

In Germany a printed formula at the head of the postal card reads: "Only a few lines to-day." Then the space left for the message is followed by the printed formula: "God be thanked, I am in good health, and hope to hear you are also. The weather is—; write soon, and give my love to all. In haste."



## GOLDEN GATE.

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## A PROPOSITION.

While the GOLDEN GATE is meeting with marked favor among the large and increasing number of its readers, we know there are thousands of enlightened Spiritualist homes on this coast where it is yet a stranger, and where, we believe, it would be a welcome guest if its merits were only known. We want our friends, and all interested in the cause of Spiritualism, to assist us in extending the circulation of this paper; and we intend to make it an object for them to do so. Hence this proposition:

To every subscriber, or reader of the GOLDEN GATE, who, within the next thirty days, will send us the name of a new subscriber, with the price of the yearly subscription (\$2.50), we will send the GOLDEN GATE, for four months, free; and for any number of additional subscribers a like credit will be given for each. To those already taking the paper we will add the credits to their own subscriptions, or we will send the paper for the extra terms to which they may be entitled to any other persons they may name.

Now, here is a fair inducement for all Spiritualists—outside of the interest they must naturally feel in the work—to help the cause by helping themselves. We ought to be able to double our circulation within the period named.

What say you, friends? Do you not, each and all, know some one who, at your personal solicitation, would consent to take the GOLDEN GATE, and thus help us in the work of spreading the glad tidings of the Spiritual gospel?

The above offer is much in excess of the usual commission to agents, or what the business would warrant when once it becomes thoroughly established; but we must make a sacrifice of profits at first for the sake of obtaining the desired circulation.

## NO CLOAK FOR WRONG.

Spiritualism is in sympathy with no wrong—will countenance no evil. It has been charged against it that men and women in its ranks—that is, some men and some women—have been lax in their moral obligations to their families and to society. Admit this to be true, it proves nothing to the discredit of Spiritualism that may not apply with equal force to any other class of religionists. The church, in all ages, has had to contend with the weakness of the flesh, and that, too, with only indifferent success.

The spiritual philosophy, in its teachings and ethics, aims to lift men and women to a higher level of purity and morality. It seeks the sanctity of the home around which should cluster all things beautiful and holy. It would have noble mothers, and sons and daughters trained in every grace that adorns, and every art that ennobles character. It seeks for the best in human nature, and is ever inviting, by hints and admonitions, by angelic ministrations, by prophecies and warnings, to a true and worthy life.

That men and women on a low plane of life may be found profaning the sacred name of Spiritualism is not to be wondered at. But we believe that most of these are learning—slowly, it may be—the better way. Surely, there are many influences, both of the spirit and earth spheres, ever bearing upon them, and prompting them to better things.

A little book called "Materialized Apparitions," by E. A. Brackett, proves exactly the reverse of what its author, with his delicate pen touches, evidently means to—that is, he declares that there is not any such thing as a real return of our dead to this earth. He merely lays the fact bare that certain persons have the power of becoming mind mirrors for the reflection of our thoughts, causing them to float before us with all the apparent reality of vivid dream figures.—MENTAL SCIENCE MAGAZINE.

Our Mental Scientist draws an inference from Mr. Brackett's book not at all warranted by the facts. He assumes that the materialized or objective forms described by the author are merely the reflection of his [the author's] own thoughts. Such an assumption might have some foundation of truth had the forms described been witnessed only by the author of said book; but the fact is, a score or more of persons—who certainly could not be supposed to possess the same degree and kind of imagination—all saw the same forms exactly alike. That they were objective realities and entities is too thoroughly demonstrated by Mr. Brackett to be reasonably questioned. In most instances the forms demonstrated their actual tangibility and avowedly, thereby placing them entirely beyond the domain of the imagination. Our Mental Scientist friend is at sea, and far away from his reckoning. He should obey the command of St. Paul to "try the spirits," when we have no doubt the scales would, ere long, fall from his eyes.

## A REMARKABLE SEANCE.

In a recent issue of the GOLDEN GATE we gave an account of a private seance for independent slate-writing held with a newly developed medium in San Jose (a physician, whose guides do not wish, just yet, to bring before the public). In that instance the slates were fastened together with screws, when several messages appeared within.

Relating the circumstance to Dr. G. B. C. of St Helena, an investigator of many years experience, and who was about to visit San Jose, he concluded to test the qualities of our new medium for himself. He found the medium quite indisposed, and at first unwilling to sit, as he thought no writing could be had in his present physical condition. But he kindly concluded to try, and the result was truly remarkable.

Among the communications received—and all unmistakably written independently between two closed slates—was one from Judge J. W. Edmonds, one from Dr. L. H. Bascom, and another from Dr. Johnson, the last two named former residents of San Jose, and all old friends of Dr. C. The messages gave every indication of genuineness in and of themselves. That from Judge Edmonds is as follows:

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:—I give you the right hand of fellowship, and greet you to-day as an able exponent of our cause. Ever yours, J. W. EDMONDS.

But by far the most remarkable communication of all was the one which we give below, concerning which a few words of explanation will be necessary. Among Dr. C.'s old friends in the neighborhood of San Jose is a grand old veteran whom everybody knows as Uncle I. B.—He is a hard-headed materialist, believing in no hereafter, and not much of anything else relating to spiritual matters. But a truer man, or one with a kinder heart, can seldom be found.

A day or two preceding the seance mentioned Dr. C. had a conversation with Uncle I., on the subject of a future life, and found him as inflexible as ever. The fact and nature of this conversation could not have been known to the medium. Now to return to the seance:

A piece of paper about four by six inches in size was folded with a small bit of lead pencil, and placed between two slates laid upon the floor. Dr. C. and the medium then placed each a foot upon the slates, holding them there for a few minutes. On opening the slates the paper was found neatly written over with the following message:

DEAR FRIEND:—I heard you talking with my father the other day. I wish I had an opportunity to converse with him in person. I could soon satisfy him that I still live and that there is immortality for all.

The signature was that of a daughter of Uncle I., who passed to spirit life some twenty-five years ago. She was the wife of a prominent citizen of San Jose, was well known to Dr. C., and her death is also well remembered by the writer.

Now, admitting the relationship between these parties was known to the medium—which is hardly to be supposed, as he was a recent comer to San Jose, and was an entire stranger to Dr. C.—will some wise head tell us how he could have known of the private conversation mentioned? And while he is about it will he not tell us how the writing was done between the slates?

## LESS CONSIDERATION.

The San Jose Mercury says of Jung Quong, Sing, who is to be hanged March 26th for the murder of Henry Vandervorst, that it is suspected he contemplates suicide, so two men are kept in his cell to guard him. This, it must be, that the law may not be cheated of its revenge. If not, why not let the condemned man, if he have the will, take his own life. If the object is simply to deprive him of it, why does it matter who takes it, or how it is taken, so long as the community is rid of the murderer.

He, and all other persons under sentence of death, should be given their choice between suicide or hanging so long as the law says they must die. But it rather prefers to dispatch them in the most ghastly and revolting manner, which shows how closely we yet linger on the confines of savagery. Condemned dogs of London are lured into a cosy, comfortable room and lie down in joy to sleep. This dog chamber is filled with narcotic vapor that soothes the forlorn canine to repose, and he knows no more. No such consideration is shown to man. He may not even die as a dog.

## TOO SMALL.

Boycotting is no respecter of persons in Ireland. A dispatch from Dublin to the Herald relates the case of the Misses Curtin who are not only being boycotted but treated with public indignity for bearing witness against the moonlighters who murdered their father.

A serious riot took place at the parish church when the girls came to mass. On the dismissal of the congregation the young ladies were surrounded and greeted with hooting and yelling, finally menacing the sisters, when a force of forty police fired upon and succeeded in dispersing the crowd, who had gone to worship, but ended in a shameless attack upon two defenseless women. The feminine boycotters took revenge upon the church pew owned by the Curtin family by reducing it to kindling wood.

In England, boycotting is to become a penal offense, and so it should in every country where attempt is made to practice it. It is the meanest kind of tyranny, and if allowed to go unchecked will find its way into politics when its devilish spirit will bring a terror to the country beside

which despotism would be a blessing. Depriving citizens of a republic from exercising their opinions and judgment in matters of right and wrong regarding both persons and measures, by boycotting, which is a simple word for robbing and starving, is a feature of a free country that will astonish the spirits of our forefathers, as they review the present discontent of our land grown to such magnificent proportions, that even the broad base of freedom they laid for it is become too small for the "oppressed of all nations," who would usurp that of American citizens.

## CHAINED TO THE WHEEL.

While many people, no doubt, do the best they can, there are few, if any, who do the best they know; and in this fact—that none live up to their highest ideals; or rather that most people would that they lived better and more worthy lives—is engendered the principle of all growth.

There are many noble women, with pure thoughts and high aspirations—women whose impulses are good and true, and who would gladly live out their best ideals of womanly worth, but that they are chained to conditions and environments whence it is impossible for them to escape. Tenderly and carefully reared, perhaps, they find themselves, from many causes, thrown upon the world to earn their own livelihood.

A worthless husband, it may be, burdens a young wife with offspring, and then dies, or strikes out for pastures new, leaving her and her helpless babes at the mercy of the world. And then there are so few lucrative avocations open to women—so few things that, by education and physical ability, they are fitted to do, especially one thus encumbered,—and there are so few to extend to her a helping hand, except for an ignoble consideration, that we do not wonder at the result, which is often one to touch the heart of an angel with pity.

The honored wife, enshrined in a worthy husband's love—housed from the storm and sheltered from the blast—with every need provided for, and every earthly wish anticipated, may gather her saintly skirts aside to escape the contaminating touch of her less fortunate sister; but the Omniscient eye of Infinite Goodness and Love that penetrates the hearts of both and all, can see clearly that one is not all purity, or the other all villainess, and looks down with tender compassion even upon the worst. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

Men, too, are often conscious that they are living far from their best. They find themselves pursuing vocations which their better natures condemn, and which they would gladly exchange for something less hurtful to themselves or others. But they are held fast by the strong hand of necessity—the inexorable demands of physical life for bread, shelter and raiment.

Once released from the iron grip of physical need—as we all shall be when death shoves back the bolts and we are prisoners no more—how many who have lived unworthy lives, but ever aspiring for something better, will begin to ascend the shining heights. It is only the one who grovels and lives unworthy because his spiritual nature is of a low and groveling order, that must, in the other life, wait for time to grow.

The world would be infinitely better than it is if man was better master of himself and of nature's laws. He is confronted at every step with obstacles and dangers that make him cautious and selfish. But he is nothing like as bad as he would be but for these obstacles. And herein we see for him a brighter and better future, "when the mists shall clear away."

## WARMER.

An attempt is being made to increase the number of plants in Iceland. The cultivation of barley was long ago abandoned in that country, but is re-introduced with considerable hope of success. There has been established at Reikjavik a botanic garden wherein seeds of three hundred and eighty-two kinds of plants from near Christina have been planted. If, as is said by more than one scientist, the polarity of our planet is changing, Iceland will yet be relieved of its icy fitters. And indeed it is a note of observation that for ten years past the cold of that land has been steadily decreasing, so that reindeer have been able to live, during the long Winter, farther north than at any past period in the memory of the present generation. Also, that many plants new to the people, have, during that time, made their appearance, many of which lived under the snow all Winter.

We are promised in this country that bananas and all other tropical fruits shall grow in New England. Who knows but what the powerful cyclone is a harbinger of the changes our earth is believed to be undergoing? Something has deranged the electrical and magnetic conditions.

—The expulsion of the Poles from Germany is creating as much excitement in that country as the same movement toward the Chinese is causing in California, though the cases are hardly parallel, since the Poles are a civilized and refined people. There are about fifty thousand of them, and thus far Prince Bismarck has shown them no mercy. Old and young of both sexes, and women about to become mothers, are driven from their homes and possessions to suffer, starve and die, unless they prove superior to their hardships. How a christianized man, who honors his mother, can be thus heartless toward women, is not understood.

## SPIRITUALISM VS. CONGREGATIONALISM.

"Wherein is Spiritualism any better than Congregationalism?" was one of the questions propounded for the consideration of the guides of Mrs. E. L. Watson, on Sunday morning last. The answer was one that displayed the marvelous elocutionary and argumentative powers of the gifted speaker to the best possible advantage.

Without attempting a verbatim report of her answer, we will say that she contrasted the two systems in a manner to convince her questioner, if a Congregationalist, that he had better have let the subject alone.

Congregationalism is a kind of Protestantism that differs only in some unimportant details from other systems of the same faith, all of which was formerly an offshoot from Roman Catholicism. It teaches all the old fables concerning the creation of the universe, of the earth, and of man. It holds that God, having made a failure in the creation of man, drove him forth from the Garden of Eden, (where he seemed to be enjoying a condition of beatific laziness), to a life of toil, (which was really the best thing that could have happened to him), and cursed the earth for his sake; that he afterward drowned the entire race, except one family, and that a rather bad lot; and and still later he prepared a plan of redemption which involved the murder of his own innocent Son, whose death, it is claimed, was made necessary to satisfy the Father's vengeance. In other words, somebody had to die, and so he consents to the sacrifice of the innocent that the guilty may escape.

All this, and more, was illustrated in Mrs. Watson's most graphic style. Then she took up the plan of Nature, as embodied in the teachings and philosophy of Spiritualism, showing its entire harmony and consistency. There was never any fall of man, but the tendency of the race had ever been upward. The scriptures of the rocks, and the stars, told an entirely different story from that of Moses, and was far more entitled to belief. Man must necessarily be his own savior; he could in no manner escape the consequences of his own acts.

It is due to Congregationalism, as well as to all other systems of Protestantism, to say that there is really but very little doctrinal preaching in our modern pulpits. Some evangelical ministers scarcely ever allude to, and others wholly discredit the Bible theories of man's creation and fall. Scarcely any of them, any longer, subscribe to the doctrine of a personal devil, or a literal hell. These dogmas are, however, all crystalized in their written creeds, and are occasionally, for form's sake, paraded in all their hideousness, before the public gaze. Many progressed preachers of the gospel would no doubt be glad to expurgate these doctrines from their church books of discipline and faith. But they are held fast by the strong bond of usage and custom.

However, it doesn't matter much. As man becomes disenthralled from a superstitious and conservative past, and steps forth into the light of intellectual freedom, he will have but little use for any of the old isms. Instead of taking his religion straight, he will insist upon having it well spiced with science and philosophy. He will want a reason for every point of his belief, and positive proof for every statement of fact. When Spiritualism fails to furnish this reason and this proof, it, too, will be labeled and laid away as a system that has outlived its usefulness.

## CONUNDRUM.

EDITOR GOLDEN GATE:—If the long columns of puff published in the GOLDEN GATE from time to time in favor of California mediumship is true, why is it the Spiritist camp-meeting people of this State are sending East for test mediums to come here and exercise their mediumship during the meeting this Summer? Can you tell?  
OAKLAND, Feb. 16, 1886. A. M. STODDARD.

We do not understand that the State Board are sending East for test mediums. Surely there are none better, for all phases of manifestation, than those we have already here. But all test mediums are not good platform speakers; and good speakers is what we are deficient in, and which deficiency the Committee hope to remedy by the time the meeting comes off.—ED. G. G.

## WHY NOT?

Why is it that in all countries the idle and opulent are counted as the better class? They produce nothing and create nothing but customs and fashions. It is true that the laboring, toiling masses are mainly ignorant and uncouth, and it is true, too, that fine linen and broadcloth atones for the same deficiencies in not a few of the so-called gentry. Were the two to change places it would often be found that, though the latter might not have the muscular energy to make himself useful in his lower condition, the former would not unfrequently be found in possession of that tact, good sense and latent mental aptitude that would so well fit him for his position as to leave no doubt of the error that might (which is money and influence) is not always right. But work is noble, and the time will come, if the world is ever redeemed from its load of sin and wrong, that all workers will be looked upon as noble—they will constitute the true nobility. All eyes look upon a grand edifice with admiration, but they think of no one but the architect who designed it. The masons, the carpenters, hod-carriers and all the workers in its various parts are

lost sight of in the perfect whole as it stands complete. The one who planned it does nothing towards its execution, and perhaps not one who helps work out the design could plan it; but for plain, simple living, they might both plan and construct useful and adequate buildings. There is no question as to which is the more useful, the architect or his workmen. This world was designed and given to man to build up and embellish. Those who take part in its labors are of less consequence than the beasts that both toil and give support to the toiling men.

## MODERN MAGIC.

[Spirit of the Times.]

Spiritualists and "free thinkers" are unsparing in their ridicule of the foolishness and credulity of professors of religion who accept the miracles recorded in the Bible as actual facts. The world is too much enlightened, they say, to believe such things. Those records would do very well for the childhood of the race, but in this nineteenth century we are too far advanced to have faith in them. It has long been known that the most blindly credulous people in the world are those who scoff at the faith of the Christian; and in proof of this, we quote the following flattering notice which appeared in one of the leading Spiritualist journals. The journal is ably conducted, and intellectually and mechanically is a good specimen of modern journalism, and that makes more marked the contrast with the notice, which reads like a relic from "the Dark Ages."—[Here follows an account copied from the GOLDEN GATE, of Mrs. Bennett and her magic glass in which she discerns spiritual things.—ED. G. G.]

## REPLY:

Our neighbor would seem to regard the discernment of spiritual things by means of a glass ball or mirror as a foolish superstition, when the fact of such gifts is as old as human history. We are told that the high priests, away back in Mosaic times, wore in their breast-plates polished crystals or stones, known as the Urim and the Thummim, wherein they discerned spirits and saw, as they supposed, the will of the Lord revealed.

It is a mistake that Spiritualists, as a class, ridicule the miracles of the Bible. They simply do not believe that there was ever any such thing as a miracle; but that many things which were supposed to be miracles in ancient times were produced by the operation of natural law. Such, for instance, as the materialization of Moses, Elias and Jesus, the manifestations witnessed by Saul in the presence of the Woman of Endor, many of the wonderful performances of the great medium, Jesus, and other so-called miracles. Most of these marvels have their counterpart in modern times. Spiritualism comes to prove many of the Bible stories, or at least to render them very probable.

An investigation of the natural phenomena whence Spiritualists derive their positive knowledge of a future life is calculated to make men charitable and liberal towards the opinions of others, and especially is it calculated to create a respect for much in the ancient writings that Materialists reject as nonsense. Our Adventist neighbor should bear in mind that Spiritualists are not Materialists, although most of them are Free-Thinkers—that is, they do their own thinking regardless of all manner of pious authority.

How long are we to listen to men who claim to be old Spiritualists slandering their brothers and sisters?—N. Y. BEACON LIGHT.

There are many who claim to be Spiritualists who have never learned the first lesson of charity and brotherly love which Spiritualism ever inculcates. How utterly they ignore the gentle teachings of the angel world, when, by word or deed, they would injure a fellow mortal.

An enterprising Pittsburg woman is about to start escort bureaux in Washington, Boston, New York and Philadelphia, where young ladies without beaux can secure escorts for theatres by paying \$25, the young men to pay all the expenses.—EX.

If the above was intended to enlighten the public it is a failure. The business is not a new one, as most persons know. What will interest many is the twenty-five-dollar payment—how long it will secure an escort, whether for one evening or for the season. It should be for a year, but that would be expensive for the young men.

ALL SORTS OF A CAMP-MEETING.—Dr. Taylor, proprietor of the Glen Haven Sanitarium, gave the office of the GOLDEN GATE a brief call, a few days ago, and informed us, among other things, that, as he has all sorts of people at his Sanitarium, near Santa Cruz,—such as orthodox Christians, Unitarians, Universalists, Spiritualists, etc.,—he has determined to have a camp-meeting in the magnificent grove connected with the Sanitarium. The meeting will commence about the 20th of July, and last three or four weeks. Look out for the advertisement in the GOLDEN GATE.

A BEAUTIFUL GIFT.—We have before us an elegant life-sized bust portrait, in colored crayons, of our distinguished medium, Mrs. M. Miller. The work is by Frank Shirts, of 1124 1-2 Folsom street, a newly developed artist medium, and gives evidence of a truly remarkable artistic gift. We call the attention of Spiritualists to this young medium, who is truly worthy of their consideration. His work speaks for itself. Give him your order, and help him in his noble work. His terms are very moderate—only ten dollars for a perfect likeness, and a less price where a number of orders are given from the same family.

"TWIXT TWO WORLDS."—We have received from the author, Mr. Wm. Eglinton, of England, a copy of his new and remarkable work entitled as above, with the added words, "A Narrative of the Life and Work of William Eglinton, by John S. Farmer." Typographically, it is the most beautiful contribution to our Spiritual literature we have yet seen; and it is as interesting and rich in the marvelous phenomena of the spiritual philosophy as it is beautiful. It contains thirty-two figures illustrative of various phases of manifestations, together with eight fine chromo plates by Mr. J. G. Keulemans. It also contains as a frontispiece, etching of Mr. Eglinton, by Tissot, the eminent French artist. The book is a perfect storehouse of wonders. It ought to have a large sale on this side the Atlantic, and no doubt will.



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—A delightful gathering of congenial spirits assembled at the elegant home of Mr. and Mrs. Washburn, on Howard street, last Friday evening, to indulge in the sinful game of progressive euchre, and cultivate the social amenities. Mrs. Washburn is an active worker in the field of reform—giving abundantly of her time and means to every worthy cause.

—In her last Sunday's services at the Temple, Mrs. E. L. Watson was unusually happy and gifted in her inspiration. She seems to have developed new power in the success that has attended her labors at the Temple in effecting the organization of the "Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society," of which we hope she may long be the accepted and honored priestess.

—Mrs. E. C. Wms.-Patterson, of this city, a lady of rare inspirational and elocutionary gifts, will accept calls to lecture, from Spiritual, or other liberal societies, and upon terms that can not fail to be satisfactory. She possesses a fine presence, and is richly endowed with those spiritual graces that never fail to command the admiration of all who would seek for the true and the beautiful in their own lives.

—The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of February 13th, announces that its editor, Col. John C. Bandy, who has been ill for several months past, had so far recovered as to be able to travel, and that, accompanied by his wife and daughter, he would immediately take his departure for Los Angeles, California. He intends to remain on this Coast for two months, or longer, and of course will take in San Francisco e'er his return.

—France is said to be carrying the largest national debt in the world, being four billions, six or seven hundred million more than the debt of Great Britain and about three times the amount of the interest bearing debt of the United States. National indebtedness is the least of a country's trouble. They would far rather pay the interest than the principal. Each reduction of our own debt never fails to call forth a grumble that it is being paid too fast.

—H. C. McClure, of Copper City, Shasta county, writes: "I am well pleased with the principles and conduct of the *GOLDEN GATE*, and think it is destined to accomplish a great deal of good for humanity. California has reason to be proud of her spiritual publications. The *Carrier Dove* has just come to me—a perfect gem of beauty in its new form. I wish you a grand success in your noble work for the practical reform and elevation of the human race."

—The meeting in Washington Hall last Sunday evening was a grand success. The management, we are pleased to learn, will put forth his best endeavors to give that to the audience that will be most instructive, and at the same time convincing, both to skeptics and believers in the truth of spirits having the power to return and communicate with mortals. Knowing well the heart's desire for elevation, of the present management, we wish him the utmost success.

—From a chart in the Forestry Division of the Agricultural Department at Washington, our country is represented with four hundred and fifty-five millions acres of forest, which are annually disappearing at the rate of twenty-five millions a year. Thus it may be seen how much forest we shall possess in a few years unless measures are strictly adhered to that will replace with young trees the old ones cut down for lumber and fuel. The subject is not so lightly considered as formerly, we are glad to note.

—As Republican sentiment gains ground in England, peace and order become less at each campaign. Electioneering in Great Britain is accompanied with less safety than incendiary speeches and personal abuse in our own country. Recent English elections were marked by more drunkenness and rowdiness than ever before, but worse will be said of those to come, until the reaction of a little freedom shall have swung itself into equilibrium, and the newly enfranchised learn that there is much to be gained yet, and that manliness and dignity are better weapons than lawlessness.

—A good sister, writing from Gilroy, says: "Please find enclosed the money to finish a year's subscription. I think highly of the *GOLDEN GATE*. There are three families that I send it to, and hope they will want it enough to subscribe for it when I leave. I have not found a woman here in Gilroy that will call herself a Spiritualist—so afraid of the name—but I hope the day is near that Spiritualists may, by their life and works, proclaim that their faith is both purifying and elevating to a higher plane of goodness or Godliness."

—In Connecticut, at the opening of this century, there was organized a Society for Protection Against Horse Thieves, which is still living and flourishing, just having declared a dividend of two hundred per cent, which was paid the present month. Organization being the most effective cure for community troubles, it is time that a society was formed for protection against house-breaking, that is becoming as regular as the going down of the sun. No person or thing is safe these days from molestation, and those who leave their premises for an hour, may find a general change on returning, and much missing.

—A truly humane society has just been formed in London which has for its object the discontinuance of birds' plumage as ornaments for women's costume. This custom has caused, in one year only, the slaughter of no less than 6,828 birds of paradise, 4,774 Impeyan pheasants, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian birds, and 356,389 East Indian birds of various kinds. The skins of 1,000 humming birds was made into a ball dress in London; another was trimmed with those of 506 canaries. The smaller and more delicate birds are skinned alive that the plumage may be more "beautifully natural." Who is civilized?

—When the South lost their slaves they for a time thought they had lost all; that labor and all industry must cease, the full sense of their long dependence and happiness coming upon them like a thunderbolt. But necessity soon helped them to discover that they possessed resources all untouched. They have also learned that free, paid labor is money in their pockets. The increase in the production of cotton since the slaves were freed is said to be one million bales per year. A like improvement is noted in all things.

—An awakened interest in Spiritual literature appears to be on the increase of late years, and never more so than at the present time, as evidenced by the work being done by the Society of Progressive Spiritualists' Free Library, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 P. M. On the last instant their library numbered 609 volumes, showing an increase, during the month of January by donations and purchases, of 41 volumes. And from the Library were borrowed, during the same time, 248 volumes. Thus it goes quietly along, doing the good work of many minds both in spirit and earth life.

—Thousands hold that beer is not only a harmless, but a healthful beverage. Germany is the greatest beer-drinking country on the globe, and the *Cologne Gazette* says that ten thousand persons die of delirium tremens every year in that country. Again, it is a common remark of visitors to Germany that they see little or no drunkenness. But the beer does its work just the same. Drinking is begun so early and kept up so continually, that it loses its power to intoxicate, while none the less destructive. It puts on a full and florid habit that masks its operations to all but its enemies whose eyes are not blinded by appearances.

## A Notable Exception.

EDITOR OF *GOLDEN GATE*:

It is quite probable that the lady who gave as an excuse for not sooner subscribing for the *GOLDEN GATE*, her fear that you would serve her as other spiritual publishers on this Coast have done, overstated the fact when she said three of such publishers "left her the loser." I was the editor and publisher of *Common Sense*, the most noteworthy spiritual paper on this Coast anterior to the advent of the *GOLDEN GATE*, and although stockholders and contributors lost various sums without a whimper, no subscriber ever lost one single dime. A complete list of subscribers to whom money was due and the amount due to each was published in the last issue of the paper, and in many cases the cash was returned; in other cases, by direction of the creditor, the term of subscription was filled by the publisher of the *Spiritual Scientist*, of Boston, which lived long enough to completely cover every subscription, and an admirable paper it was too. I am sorry to add that I am still owing a small sum (I believe \$35) to Mr. Browne for the subscriptions he completed for me. I paid him in installments until I hadn't another dollar to pay with, my family and myself being left utterly destitute. There were, at that time over \$2000 due from delinquent subscribers, not one-fourth of whom had the honesty to pay, and thereby enable the publisher to pay debts for paper, press-work, borrowed money, etc., amounting to about \$500, which debts have been a burden on his conscience and a blight on his life from that day to this.

I resigned a position on the *Evening Bulletin* worth \$150 per month, sacrificed the savings of years, and gave much arduous labor in the attempt to establish a Spiritual journal in San Francisco; and Mrs. Amanda M. Slocum, with noble self-sacrifice, gave the entire proceeds of the sale of a herd of valuable cattle, which, together with cash contributed by her, amounted to over four thousand dollars, and all she, as well as I, got out of it was a most bitter experience—a humiliating sense of the ingratitude, injustice and illiberality of hundreds of people on this Coast who call themselves Spiritualists and Liberalists.

Happily, times have changed since then, and the difficulties in the path of the publisher of spiritual truth have greatly diminished. Spiritualism is more popular, and the *GOLDEN GATE* a much more acceptable paper to the majority of readers than was *Common Sense*, which, in some respects, was impolitic, and was in consequence rejected by people whose hobbies were opposed, and by other people who were fearful of what Mrs. Grundy would say.

To conclude, if there is one who will say that the publisher of *Common Sense* owe him or her anything whatever on subscription, I will even yet endeavor to pay it, though struggling in poverty brought on by that financially unfortunate venture.

W. N. SLOCUM.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 16, '86.

## REMARKS:

The lady referred to could not have had the *Common Sense* in her mind at the time, (neither did we), as she was not a subscriber for that journal, and it is well known among Spiritualists that the publisher of said journal transferred his unfulfilled subscriptions to another paper. There have been many attempts to establish Spiritual and liberal papers on this Coast, all of which, (excepting, of course, existing publications,) have been failures, involving their publishers in great loss. The individual losses by subscribers, in no case exceeding the price of a yearly

subscription, is a mere trifle compared with the losses and struggles publishers have endured for a cause in which all Spiritualists should be alike interested. No subscriber should complain, but be willing to try again, and keep on trying until success shall finally crown the effort, as it surely will in the case of the *GOLDEN GATE*, and also, doubtless, of the *Carrier Dove*. We think our friend strikes the keynote of his failure in his suggestion of the admission of injudicious matter to its columns. Although a paper may contain ninety-nine excellent articles, it is always sure to be condemned for the one unwise or injudicious one.—ED. G. G.

Written for the *Golden Gate*.

## Mrs. E. J. Ladd's Mediumship.

The subject of this sketch, became a medium years ago, while residing in Portland, Oregon. Her mother, becoming interested in Spiritualism, was invited to a seance, and on her return home, she related all that had occurred to her daughter; then at her solicitation Mrs. Ladd attended circles with her.

As Mrs. Ladd knew nothing of the subject, the circles to her, were a source of amusement. At that time she was an invalid, but she began improving in health. She sat in promiscuous circles for eighteen months, and yet never received a communication during that time, but as her health constantly improved, they concluded that it was on account of attending these circles, and Mr. Ladd was bitterly opposed to his wife's attending circles. He was a government contractor, and at one time she went to Vancouver with him, and while there, she started out for a walk with her brother. On that occasion she saw the spirit of a little boy, a beautiful child, which her brother did not see. As he was unable to see the child, he thought, and told her that she was a fit subject for the insane asylum, and as the child went to the side of the road, stood on a stump, and disappeared, it was a query in her own mind "as to whether she was not on the verge of insanity." This was the first spirit she ever saw, and nothing more came to her for several weeks, and then her husband was out to a political meeting, and about 11:45 P. M., Mr. Ladd's mother made her appearance to the medium, after she had retired, (his mother died in Virginia, when he was a mere boy,) Mrs. Ladd exclaimed, "Oh, if you are my husband's mother, you can go bring him home before 12 o'clock." She answered, "I will do it." Three minutes to 12, Mr. Ladd made his appearance, walking very rapidly. Mrs. Ladd remarked, "Well, so you are at home." He replied, "Yes." Mrs. Ladd said laughingly, "what time would you have come, had I not sent for you?" "Sent for me?" She said, "Yes." "Who did you send for me?" "Your mother." "My mother?" Again Mrs. Ladd said, "Yes," she came to me, and said she was your mother. Here followed a minute description of the spirit mother, which was correct in every respect. Mr. Ladd remarked, "The description is perfect, and you never saw her." He said, "Now I will tell you what occurred to me." When I was sitting in the hall, at the political meeting, somebody took hold of my shoulder; I looked around saw no one there, I turned to the speaker again and almost immediately the same thing was repeated, but on looking again nothing was visible, and I was very much annoyed. All at once, I was raised to my feet, turned around, and started down the stairs, I found it impossible to resist leaving the hall, and as I went down stairs I felt and heard the rustle of a lady's dress at my side; that rustle remained with me all the way home. About three weeks after this Mr. Ladd paid \$1000 note that came due, and put the receipt in his pocket, after which he left home on Government business, with the expectation of being absent two months. After his departure, the father of Mrs. Ladd was called upon to pay the \$1000, he having gone security for Mr. Ladd, and when speaking of it to his daughter, she said, "Why father, Mr. Ladd paid that money, and put that receipt in his pocket. The father thought it impossible, believing her mistaken. Mrs. Ladd was greatly troubled about the affair. About 2 o'clock that night the spirit mother again came, and finding Mrs. Ladd crying, said, "What is the matter?" Mrs. Ladd told her trouble. The mother said, "I will bring him; do not be troubled any more." Mr. Ladd was at the Dalles, and two minutes after 2 in the morning, was shaken by the invisible power until awake, then followed a strong impression that he must go home immediately. He feeling sure that something was wrong with his invalid wife, dressed at once and wrote a letter, but it seemed impossible for him to go to the boat, with the intention of sending the letter. So at last he concluded it best to return to Portland at once, but with the idea, that he must remain in Vancouver one night, to satisfactorily arrange his business affairs, but on arriving at Vancouver, he found it impossible to remain; everything he attempted to do was frustrated. On arriving at Portland he inquired at once of his wife's brother, what the matter was. The brother replied, "Nothing was the matter, she was all right." Procuring a hack, he hastened home. She greeted him with "I am so glad you have come, then told

him that her father had been compelled to pay the \$1000 that day." Mr. Ladd had arrived in Portland at 4 P. M. The man to whom he had paid the money, was to start for the East at 5; Mr. Ladd had kept the hack awaiting. As quick as possible he went to the wharf, and who should be embarking at that moment, but the very scamp he was looking for. Mr. Ladd rushing after him, said, "You are the very man I want." "Why Ladd," the man replied, "I thought you was in Eastern Oregon." "No sir, I am right here," I understand you have received \$1000 from father on that note. I paid that and have the receipt in my pocket. You told me you did not have the note with you, so gave me this receipt. The man claimed that there was a mistake. Mr. Ladd replied, "The mistake is such that you will not go on this steamer." The man said that if they would not expose him he would refund the money. He at once went with Mr. Ladd to his father-in-law's, and paid back the \$1000, he had procured in dishonorable manner. And the above was the beginning of Mrs. Ladd's mediumship. She is at present living in Oakland. She gives public tests at 2 P. M., every Sabbath afternoon, at O. F. Hall, and resides at 855 Washington St., Room 2. A. B.

**STRENGTH OF WILL.**—A strong will makes a strong character. A man who hesitates and turns aside from his purpose will never succeed. He lacks that tenacity and persistence essential to success. Men should not arrive at conclusions too hastily, but when they have been carefully and deliberately reached, they should be maintained with becoming firmness. A firm man who maintains his position from honest convictions, based on what he regards as sufficient reasons, is very different from a stubborn man who is determined to accomplish his purpose without regard to reason. Both have tenacity of purpose; but the one is strong because he is governed by intelligent motives; the other is weak because he is governed by prejudice and passion. Seek diligently to discover right, and then maintain it because it is right.—*Methodist Recorder*.

## PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

WHITFORD.—Near Santa Maria, Santa Barbara county, California, January 23, 1886, Mrs. R. A. Whitford, aged 47 years.

She was a life-long Spiritualist, and passed on in the full realization that her spirit friends were waiting to pilot her to the mansion prepared by her, and for her, in the realm of spirits. She left behind a husband and four children, an aged father and mother, brothers, and many friends to mourn her departure. M. M. Y.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## JOB PRINTING.

—**JOB PRINTING!**—  
We have now completed arrangements with one of the best Job Printing offices in the city, whereby we are able to fill all orders for

## —{JOB PRINTING!}—

In the Most Satisfactory Manner and upon the Best Possible Terms.

"Golden Gate" P. and P. Company.

## WANTED.

WANTED.—BY A LADY MEDICAL GRADUATE, a position as assistant in a physicians' office, or to travel and lecture to ladies. Address CHICAGO, "Golden Gate" office, 734 Montgomery street. fezo-it

## PASS THEM ALONG.

We printed large extra editions of all the earlier numbers of the *GOLDEN GATE*, many copies of which we have yet on hand. As interesting samples they are just as good to send to those who have never seen the paper as the latest edition. We will send these papers in packages, postage paid, to whoever may wish to scatter the good seed, for fifty cents per hundred copies—package of fifty copies, twenty-five cents.

## FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the *GOLDEN GATE*, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the *GOLDEN GATE* Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

## PSYCHOLOGY AND MIND CURE.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons of California, offers a golden opportunity to all men and women desirous of following a thorough, practical course of Psychology, Psychometry and Mind Cure, to qualify them for the cure of diseases. Course begins about January 15th next. An early application for certificate of matriculation requested. Fee, \$5.00. Apply immediately at office of the College, room 6, 127 Kearny street, San Francisco.

## SPIRITUALISM.

All who are desirous of developing as mediums for "Independent Slate-Writing," which is the most satisfying, convincing, and unquestionable phase of spirit power known, send for circular, with four cents, to Mrs. Clara L. Reid, Independent Slate-writer, No. 35 Sixth street, San Francisco.

TO FRIENDS OF THE *GOLDEN GATE*

For the purpose of placing the *GOLDEN GATE* upon a basis that shall inspire public confidence in its stability, and also for the purpose of extending the field of its usefulness, a number of prominent and influential Spiritualists have organized themselves into a Joint Stock Company known as the "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company," with a capital stock of \$15,000, divided into 3,000 shares of \$5 each. The corporation is invested with power to carry on a general printing and publishing business; to buy and sell, hold and inherit real estate; to receive, hold and dispose of bequests; to deal in books and periodicals; in short, the foundation is laid for the future of a large publishing, printing and book-dealing business.

It is agreed that each share of the capital stock of said Company subscribed for shall entitle the holder to an annual dividend of ten per cent, payable in subscription to the paper. That is, the holder of five shares, or \$25 of stock, shall be entitled to a copy of the paper free, so long as the corporation exists, together with all the profits and advantages which the ownership of said stock may bring. (The paper at \$2.50 per annum—the lowest price at which it can be afforded—being equivalent to ten per cent of \$25.) For any less number than five shares a pro rata reduction will be allowed on subscription to the paper. Thus, the holder of but one share will receive a perpetual reduction of fifty cents on his annual subscription. That is, he will be entitled to the paper for \$2 per annum. The holder of two shares will pay but \$1.50; of three shares, \$1; four shares, 50 cents, and of five shares, nothing.

By this arrangement every share-holder will receive, as we have before stated, what is equivalent to a perpetual annual dividend of ten per cent. The subscriber for twenty shares of the stock, or \$100, would be entitled to four copies of the paper. He could, if he chose, dispose of three of these copies among his acquaintances, at the regular subscription rate of \$2.50 for each per annum, and thereby realize what would be equivalent to a cash dividend of seven and one-half per cent on his investment, and have his own paper free in addition.

This plan of incorporation can not fail to commend itself to every Spiritualist who has the welfare of the cause at heart.

As no more stock will be sold than will be necessary for the needs of the business—which will not be likely to exceed, in any event, over fifty per cent of the nominal capital—and as the paper will be conducted on the most economical principles, there will be no probability of, or necessity for, future assessments. The sale of the reserved stock would be ample to meet any contingency that might possibly arise. But, with careful management, there will be no necessity to draw upon this reserve. On the other hand, from the present outlook and the encouragement the paper is receiving, we confidently believe that the time is not far distant when the business will pay a fair cash dividend upon the stock, in addition to that already provided for.

This is no vagary of an inexperienced journalist, but the firm conviction of one who has had a quarter of a century of successful experience in journalistic management. You can order the stock by mail just the same as in person, and will receive therewith a guaranty of free subscription.

While the paper is now placed beyond the possibility of failure, still its future usefulness will depend, in a large measure, upon the liberality of its patronage. All Spiritualists who can afford it should not only take the paper but also secure some of its stock, which will be a safe and profitable investment.

The Board of Trustees named in the articles of incorporation (which have been duly filed) consists of the following gentlemen: Amos Adams, M. B. Dodge, R. A. Robinson, Dr. Robert Brown and J. J. Owen. President of the Board, Hon. Amos Adams.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

**SPIRITUAL SERVICES** by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, February 7th. Questions answered at 1 o'clock a. m. Lecture in the evening. Subject: "Reformation or Revolution." The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

**SPIRITUALISM.**—"Light and Truth."—At Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Every Sunday evening there will be a conference and fact meeting, closing with a test seance by mediums of a variety of phases.

**PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.**—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy street, every Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock p. m. February 14th, lecture by C. Severance. Subject: "Medium's Work in the Spiritual Vineyard." All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited.

N. B.—The Free Spiritual Library in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 1 to 4 o'clock p. m. Contributions of books and money solicited.

**THE OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.**—Meets every Sunday, at 2 p. m., at Medical College Hall, corner of Clay and Eleventh streets (two blocks west from Broadway). Public cordially invited. Direct all communications to G. A. Carter, 350 Eighth street, Oakland, Cal.

**DO SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN Return to Mortals?** Mrs. E. R. Herbert, a spirit Medium, gives sittings daily from 12 to 4 p. m. (Sundays excepted), at No. 415 Twelfth Street, Oakland, Cal. Conference meetings Sunday evening; Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. nort

**LIBERTY HALL SPIRITUAL SOCIETY** meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Liberty Hall, Brann street, near Market street local railroad station, at Oakland. All are invited. Admissions free. Dr. Paulson, Lecturer. Marshall Curtis, President.



## A Recital of Remarkable Phenomena.

(Dr. G. B. Chase of St. Helena, Cal., in the *Religion-Philosophical Journal*.)

Since the departure of that phenomenal man, Charles H. Foster, to the higher life I have seen a number of "recollections" of him published in both spiritual and secular papers. While all but one evince a willingness to deal honestly with the memory of this remarkable person, acknowledging that he possessed powers inexplicable by recognized natural laws and showing a reluctance to draw even "his frailties from their dread abode," the exceptional one, the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* does not hesitate to manufacture and publish a tissue of falsehoods to his discredit. Although the expose by the *Pioneer Press*, has been sufficiently "exposed" by the incisive review of the same by Mr. Bronson Murray, I am thinking that honest inquirers will be gratified by seeing what he says about the "blood-red writing" confirmed by a circumstantial relation of an experience which precludes the possibility of trickery; and which, withal, has mental mysteries associated with it quite as unaccountable outside of spiritual philosophy.

In 1870, while in New York City, I received a letter from home (California), which had been detained two weeks in St. Louis. It was from the family physician of my daughter, Mrs. M. P., stating that she was fatally diseased by cancer. Without one thought of obtaining reliable information, but desirous of seeing the man about whom I had heard so much, and being obliged to remain in the city till next day, I repaired to Foster's office, found him alone, but two ladies soon entered, to whom I agreed to give place on condition that I might witness their seance. While describing their friends which he professed to see, I inquired, "Do you see any of my friends?" Looking around with a vacant stare he replied, "No," but pausing a moment said, "Yes, there comes your wife, and she is so excited I doubt whether she can communicate."

"Can she tell me anything about home?"

"All well in California," was his reply. "Then," said I, "that is not my wife, for I know it is not so."

In an excited way he added, "She says Mary is getting well and will be as well as ever in her life."

With my knowledge of the incurability of cancer, I continued: "I can not believe it, but if she will give the date of death, I can believe it is my wife." Striking his hand down heavily on mine, which was resting on the table, he spoke with emphasis: "She says she will write it in letters of blood on my hand." Immediately I could discern faint, reddish marks on the back of his hand, which grew more and more distinct, till "Nov. 6, 1868" was unmistakably plain. The ladies standing near by, read it aloud before I spoke; indeed I avoided speaking, fearing I could not trust my eyes. I was simply amazed. I mentally inquired, "How did this man know I ever had a wife or a daughter, and that her name was Mary, and that we hailed from California, as I had not given him the least possible clue?" We all saw the letters fade out in about one minute of time.

I came home. A physician from the city, had pronounced the diagnosis erroneous, changed the treatment, rapid convalescence ensued, and in twelve months another grandson appeared.

The above is all of my own knowledge every item true, or my senses can not be trusted in anything.

The following is hearsay:

A distinguished M. C., an intimate friend, firmly believed mediumship a humbug and Spiritualism a delusion. When Foster was in Washington, with a number of others, he called on him. "Col. B.," said Foster, [no names had been announced,] "a lady came in with you who says she is your mother, and to verify that fact, will write her name on my arm," exposing it. The Colonel told me he was filled with blank amazement on seeing the name of his mother, knowing that no one in Washington knew it but himself, and while watching it fade away, Foster resumed, saying: "And there comes your law partner, Col. S., who says he has been but a few weeks in spirit-life."

"When I had become cool enough," continued Mr. B., "to test the Colonel's presence, I inquired what he did with a document he took from the office when he last left it?" adding, "I have ransacked the city in vain to find it." "Why," replied Foster, "I left it in drawer No. 18, in Judge M.'s office, and it is there now."

"I was about to start home, and when I reached our city I went directly to that office, opened No. 18, and there lay the paper, and this is my first and last experience in Spiritualism. I confess the evidence of Col. S.'s mental presence was indisputable, but I concluded its rationale, like the search after God, so far transcended human capacity that I might as well let it alone."

Now, that story, as well as my own, is true beyond the shadow of a doubt, and if the St. Paul man, the Apostle Paul himself, (shades of Gamaliel pardon the sacrilege), or all the fraud hunters combined, without the aid of supramundane laws that our scientists mainly ignore, will explain the process by which the above-named results were achieved, and publish

the same in *The Religion-Philosophical Journal*, the intelligent readers will owe them and yourself a debt of gratitude.

Mr. Murray seems to have regarded the *Pioneer* cavil (i. e. the intelligence of Foster appearing simultaneously at five different places) as unworthy of attention. He would be right, if all who see it were advanced investigators, but the neophyte or casual reader may regard such apparent ubiquity as indicative of trickery, or invoke an orthodox devil for explanation. We have yet to learn how broad an audience can be reached at the same moment by a disembodied spirit.

While I know I am giving too much importance to the *Pioneer's* flimsy theory of slate-writing, I will name the following to clearly disprove it. Fred Evans had recently arrived in San Francisco. He could have known none of my relatives or friends any better than does the Shah of Persia. Two slates were well washed, firmly clasped together and hung on a chandelier five feet above our heads in broad daylight. The pencils were immediately heard, and in from six to eight minutes we found seven different communications in as many plainly different styles of writing, signed by the full names of my father and mother, married sister, a step-son, a friend who recently died in Baltimore, a sister-in-law, and one a stranger, desiring his wife and children should hear from him. Does this last prove possible mistaken identity by spirits? or have I forgotten the man while he remembers me?

## Thoughts on this Life.

(*"Texarkana" in the Harmonia.*)

If this mortal earthly life is all that there is of it, then indeed man's life on earth is a failure, and all our toil, and all our hopes, and all of our aspirations count for naught. The Materialist declares that this life is all, and that death ends all; that soul and body, material and spirit are then condemned to an utter oblivion, a total annihilation. From what point of view or from what analogy he reasons, I can not see. Nothing in nature teaches annihilation; nothing in the earth, or on the earth, nor in the heavens above teach us or even reads us a lesson to show that anything on earth is ever doomed to be lost. On the contrary, every ray of sunlight, every drop of rain, every particle of dust and every flower that blossoms tells us that all material things are eternal, and all of our thoughts, all of our joys and all of our sorrows, all of our hopes and all of our fears, and all mankind proclaim that man has an immortal soul—a spirit portion that exists forever. Ever since time began, man has looked above this life to a life beyond the grave. Ever since the race of man came on earth, man has had an aspiration, a longing, a mysterious something that told him of a higher power and of an eternal life; and ever since the race of man came on earth, man has had a religion, a belief, a faith, a hope, and a God. The Christian says a personal God, the untutored Indian calls it the Great Spirit; and "Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind sees God in storms and hears him in the wind," is as near right as the educated priest or pope, that worships the great unknown with all the pomp and splendor known to civilized man.

"Man knows but little here below,  
Nor knows that little long."

Man thrown into this earth-life naked, ignorant and helpless, yet a living soul is covered by that little mass of quivering flesh, a chrysalis that needs ripening in the trials and temptations of this mortal life; a living soul that needs sixty, eighty or a hundred years of the disappointments, cares and heartaches of earth-life to fit it for the higher life to come; a spark from off the infinite, that is to flash across the earth like a meteor across the Summer sky, and then to drift to spirit-life and be lost in the vast realms of a future existence. Beginning at infancy, beginning at the cradle, and ending earth at the grave. If man is the product of a blind natural law, then we are a wonderful and well-made product of a blind law; but if man is the product of an intelligent God, and of a God with whom all things are possible, then we are a sad failure. Our bodies show an adaptation to our surrounding conditions, which goes to prove that we are the creatures of a condition, and that we are as nearly adapted to our condition as a natural law will admit; we are far from perfection, and the work of an all-wise God ought to be perfection. "Hope springs eternal in the human heart;" hope for what? Hope for an eternal life; not a hope for oblivion; not a hope for the outer darkness, and everlasting deep damnation of eternal nothingness; but hope, a bright-winged hope for the living joys of a real existence. Spiritualism brings to us a knowledge of this future life, and bids us hope through the dark days of black despair; and when the pathway before us is blackened by the shadows that oftentimes drift so thickly about us, then we look to the life beyond with a faith born of a knowledge that is beyond dispute. Spiritualists, of all inhabitants on earth, can and ought to be joyful, for we do not live by faith alone, but by the ever-living truths that knowledge brings. Our hopes are founded on a knowledge; our belief of a future life is founded on a knowledge, and our faith is of the supremely sublime, for is it not a faith whose foundations are sure?

## The Spirit Land.

(*Fargo, Dakota, Republican.*)

In speaking of the Storey will case, you refer to the fact that Mr. Storey, having investigated the subject of Spiritualism, after denouncing it, became an ardent Spiritualist. A few years ago a college professor, well known throughout the West, became much wrought up over the subject of Spiritualism and determined to prepare a lecture proving its falsity. After spending some days at his work, he began to realize how little he knew of the subject and cast about for light. He made a trip from western Minnesota to Chicago with a view to coming in contact with the mediums of that city, confident that he could confound the most noted of them. His whole soul was in his mission, and his purpose was to do humanity a justice. In an omnibus, on the way to a hotel, he inquired of a gentleman by his side concerning mediums, and was referred to Mrs. O. A. Bishop. He immediately left the omnibus, took a cab and drove rapidly to her residence lest he should fall into some prepared snare. The medium went into a trance, and while in that state told him who he was, from whence he came and the purpose of his visit, and gave him sixty-nine distinct tests, either one of which would have caused him to wonder. Like the woman at the well he went away and said, "I have found one who has told me all I ever knew." The Christian professor from that day became a Spiritualist. Like Paul he was converted through the flood of light that was thrown upon him when on his way to prepare to persecute. I, too, started out on such a mission. I met the medium and spent an hour telling her of myself and followed with several other visits all with the same object in view—to discover as to her character and power and to "stuff" her, expecting that when she finally went into a trance she would rehearse the main features of what I had told her and tell me to beware of a black-eyed woman having a thin face and brown hair, and that I had an enemy in a heavy man of sandy complexion, etc. She commenced, instead, at the place where I was born and described incidents of my childhood, the countries I have visited, repeated words used by myself at the supposed deathbed of a child, years before, and said from that hour he commenced to get well. She told me of my secret sins, of my secret ambitions, described countries I afterwards visited, even to the color of the box car I would ride in, but did not refer to one word, or one incident I had used in my efforts to stuff her. Unlike the professor I did not surrender and become a Spiritualist, but I found a new line of thought open to me, and by following it I found one of the widest fields for investigation that God has given to man, I discovered the subject to be a very dangerous one to meddle with because the truths that may be found are so bright that no man can stand up under them. I have seen the handwriting upon the wall as Belshazzar saw it; I have heard, as those with Jesus heard, a voice from heaven saying, "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased."

I have seen an uneducated woman write in language wholly unknown to her when in her normal state; have heard her carry on conversation in French, German and Spanish with different persons, when not knowing a word of those languages; unable to strike a single note with intelligence on a piano, I have heard her play for hours the most charming and most difficult pieces; I have heard pleadings for a pure life and upright conduct from "over there," with reasons given that would commend themselves to the purest and best. I could tell you of a lawyer residing in St. Paul, one of the most eloquent and brilliant of his profession, who was going to wreck as fast as excesses could carry a high strung man to ruin, who was stopped in his downward course by an angel warning. Not one drop of intoxicating liquors—not one profane word has been suffered to pass his lips since, and now if, in Fargo, he could quietly sit in his room and say to what he believes to be spirit guides: Say to my wife in St. Paul that I want her to know so and so, and she would be compelled to leave whatever work she was doing and take a pencil and write the words he uttered. Your community would be surprised were his name used, so well is he known. There are truths in Spiritualism on which Christianity is based, and when they are recognized the Christian no longer need hold to a blind faith. He will know that well doing will bring peace and contentment—a sense of perfect rest. That evil will bring unrest, remorse—punishment. He will know that no sin in thought, word or deed, can be hid from the Creator. He will perhaps doubt the theory that Christ died to save sinners, but can readily accept the view that through the death and resurrection of Christ, immortality was proven, and can understand why through calling upon his holy name, why through seeking to live like him we may become like him—charitable like him, forgiving like him, earnest like him to do good. He will learn that where evil is there evil influences congregate, and if of a susceptible nature he will learn to avoid evil associations as he would avoid pestilence. He will learn, not in theory, but will come to know that "where the wisdom and resources of man fail there is an inexhaustible supply yielded us from above through the power of

prayer." He will know why the drunkard is bound by a chain that can not be broken, why some who really mean to be good will lie on all occasions, and then, as the minister said he had done over his exaggerations, "shed barrels of tears because of it." He will know why some good men steal, why many are insane, and he will become a truer and better man in every respect. If naturally of an unbalanced mind, and he comes in contact with "Little Squaw," "Nigger Pete," or others who, in earth life, would be irresponsible, and follows their advice because he believes it to come from spirits, he would land where the speculator would land who would buy or sell options upon the advice of every street gamin with whom he comes in contact. There is an intelligent force within every human being that lives after the mortal passes away, and under proper conditions that living intelligence can and does manifest itself. Now, as in the days of old, where two or three are gathered together in His name, there will the spirit be to bless. Sought not from mere curiosity, sought not for worldly gain, but as the true Christian seeks his closet to confess to himself or to his God, as he chooses to look at it, and ask divine help and divine guidance, so the spirit may now be sought, and relief will surely come. As in the days of old, angels ascend and descend upon the ladder which Jacob in his vision saw ascending from earth to heaven; and that ladder may find a resting place in every true heart. There are millions of Spiritualists who have seen and know, and though you were to crucify and stone them you could not shake their faith. There are those among them who like Thomas doubt, or like Peter deny, or who like Zaccheus investigate from tree tops, but the evidence in favor of Spiritualism is as strong and startling as the evidence of Christianity.\*

## Reaching Out.

(*The Harmonia.*)

The mind of finite man is ever reaching out toward the infinite—a soul-longing after something beyond and above; something that will lift us up; something that will fill our ideal of strength and beauty; something that comes up to our standard of heroism and purity; something that fills us with hope and anticipation of future joys. The babe sees in its mother its ideal of love; the boy sees (in his young days) a hero in his father; the maiden has her ideal in her first lover, and the lover sees an angel in his sweetheart; and so we go on through life, trying to find something to fill the inmost longing of our souls on earth. But the Spiritualist, as he advances in life, lifts his thoughts to a higher life, and tries to find his ideal in the realms of the spirit world. Alas! how often are our idols on earth broken. We put faith in mankind, and time shows us that our idol is nothing but human, with all the frailties of man. Will our building of idols on the shores of the infinite world be any better? We hope so. So building and hoping, and hoping and building, we plod along through this earth life, still reaching out after the infinite, and who knows but what we will pass through spirit life yet hoping and building and still reaching out after the infinite? The idea of reincarnation interferes sadly with the ordinary ideas of a spirit life. At what time we are snatched from a spirit existence and reincarnated is to us unknown. Aunt Rhoda, in our last number, asks some pertinent questions concerning reincarnation, one of them being: "Why does any one wish to be reincarnated again into the blindness, trouble and ignorance of earth life?" Let us still hope for eternal progression in the future life, and let us still reach out after the infinite, rather than a reincarnation again on earth—anything but a step backward. Give to us a menial's task in the lower grades of spirit life, only let it be a progressive one. Reincarnation? Never! Our soul abhors the thought, for is it not reaching out after the higher and the nobler life; reaching out with a hope for better things than of earth? Give to us sorrow and trials in spirit life, but no reincarnation. Give us progression, and day by day we will tread the path, but let it be upward and onward toward the heights beyond, for does not nature teach us that all of life is ahead of us, and that all across our horizon is written progression, eternal progression; and the very angels, knowing our longings, will, upon our advent into the new life, shout into our listening ears the hoped for word, "Progression!" Reach out, then, into the future, my spiritualistic readers, and reach as of old, for the infinite; and to him that knocks it shall be opened, then let us knock at the door of the future and the future will be opened unto us; and as we knock and reach we will climb the heights to the realms of that higher life, that realm of souls, where all of our tears and all of our troubles will be left behind, and our joys, pleasures and loves will be increased a thousand fold. Reach out after the infinite, but in reaching do not forget earth, with the millions that have the same soul longings that we have. If in our reaching out we get anything, hand it down to earth and give joy to hungry souls below us.

Recently, while sinking a well on the desert south of the railroad, near Florence, A. T., there were found, eighty feet below the surface of the ground, fragments of Aztec pottery upon which were figures, resembling in design and outline the ornaments on the pottery of the Papagoes and Pimas of to-day.

(Written for the *Golden Gate*.)

Joint-National Home Service.  
Coming Harmony.

There is a graduating class of minds of those who have lived in various parts of the world. These minds have learned that the Light of God reaching any one or all parts of the world is the one and same light.

That the Light of America, the Light of Europe, the Light of Asia, and the Light of Africa, or any other continent in the world, differs only in degree, appearance, expression, language or creed, and not in its innate Holy Spirit of Truth.

These minds recognize brother and sister minds in Japan, China, India and Egypt as well, and just as closely allied, as in Italy, Germany, Switzerland, France and England, or any other nationality. In short, these minds join in accepting the At-one-ment, the Union in the Holy Spirit of Truth, of all God's creation, putting no limit which God has not put to their love of humanity.

These minds recognize that this At-one-ment of all nationalities in the Holy Spirit has in this age of the earth as yet only a spiritual existence, and therefore there is no call to organize it in fact. Organizations lead to personal ambitions. Let those who feel called of this Holy Spirit of the At-one-ment, of all nations, simply put forth their heart's wish in this communion, *letting the Holy Spirit preside*.

Instead of organizations and orders of rank and file, creating distinctions where there are none in truth, it is simply suggested that each family, each home or household, may join in this world-union, and time-hallowed custom of prayer, family prayer, household prayer. It is suggested:

**First, Form.**—That unless there is other habit or preference, we adopt the form of silent prayer, as leaving the Holy Spirit, free to express itself in every heart in its own way, encouraging growth in spirit of each heart in its own language, instead of following mere words.

**Second, Time.**—That in the Holy Spirit there is no time. The Sun of Truth is rising at some meridian of Truth's circumference at every moment of the day. But to meet the popular mind not perceiving this, the time of such family or household union in harmony should be morning and evening, at waking and sleeping, one or both, when possible.

**Third, Length.**—Long prayers and prayer union, are not needed in a public home service. To attempt any more than a few minutes of such home meeting for mind of all ages and pre-occupations, would defeat itself. We therefore ask only for five minutes reunions, which no family or household member can excuse him or herself from.

Those minds, few or many, who are in harmony with this impulse can address  
I. H. S., *Poste Restante*,  
London, New York or San Francisco.

## The Metaphysicians.

(*Progress.*)

The theoretical positions assumed by some of these metaphysicians, while they are instructive, they also have a humorous side. When they say this objective, material world is nothing but a shadow; that it is not real; that all is mind; that the earth, rock, physical matter are all mind, it reminds one of the Josh Billings' sayings: "A man can live on love if he has good bread and beefsteak three times a day to go along with it." The world is prepared to endorse mind to a reasonable degree, but to be denied even a little matter to go along with it is too amusing to call for a serious objection. Where Mrs. Gestefeld says magnetism has nothing to do with it, she would probably contend that an orator had no more magnetism than an ordinary speaker, and in her argument that "thought precedes all of the action and functions of the body," she is doubtless prepared to maintain that when a bone is fractured, and after the ends are brought together and plasma is thrown out to unite them, it was the result of thought. The surgeons would say nature, not mind, did that little piece of business. She probably would believe that a boy can will himself to grow so many feet tall, and so many inches broad, and so it would be—that mind is absolute and nature is nothing. That in all the action of chemism, there is an operation of no law outside of mind.

When John Bright was advocating the adoption of the American Constitution entire, by the English people, he was asked in private if he really meant it. He said, "no, but to obtain a little we must ask for a great deal." If the metaphysicians are acting on this principle, then they are right, and we say, all hail to them! It is just a trifle bold to ask us to believe that "all diseases have their origin in the mind." Also in calling their system a science is there not some boldness again? Leading scientists define science to be a sifting and classification of knowledge. Mrs. Eddy, of whom Mrs. Gestefeld is apparently a disciple, has thrown up a great amount of philosophy, but so far it has been anything but "sifted and classified." Mrs. Eddy is quite Napoleonic in her way, and will not allow her followers to sift her. There will be a reaction from portions of the theory which are now being taught, still there will be sufficient residuum left to command support, therefore these New Lights need not be disheartened.



### Striking a Balance.

Under this heading the *Christian Union* has a fair hit at Robert Ingersoll as follows:

We hear that the Egyptologists have exhumed a remarkable business correspondence between Pharaoh and Moses about the jewelry which his people borrowed and carried away. Bob says, "Honest, now, do you call that a square transaction?" The alleged correspondence was like this:

*Moses, Moses, Aaron & Co.*  
GENTLEMEN:—You and your people obtained a loan of me and people of my sundry gems, gold and bronze rings, and nose and ear ornaments to the value of 500 shekels of silver, of which an itemized bill is inclosed. Please return the same, or remit the amount by certified check, and oblige. Respectfully yours,  
PHARAOH.

*Mr. Pharaoh Rameses:*  
MY DEAR SIR:—Yours, including bill, received, and contents noted. I inclose you statement showing balance due. We have put our wages at the lowest figure short of starvation; and they amount to 12,000 shekels of gold. Please deduct the amount of your bill, and ship the balance in specie, via Joppa, and much oblige,  
Very Respectfully yours,  
MOSES, AARON & CO.

Ingersoll says he is the workingman's friend, and yet he insists that Pharaoh was right in chiseling his workmen out of their wages.

A MASSACHUSETTS GIRL.—A certain very young girl living in Middlesex county decided last Summer to try the Harvard examinations, in the Autumn, with a view to entering the regular course of study in the Annex. She betook herself, therefore, with a trunk full of books, to a secluded home in the country, and settled herself for ten weeks' hard work reviewing her high-school studies and conquering Greek enough quite by herself to pass for college. Two young gentlemen presently appeared on the scene, determined also upon secluded preparatory study. When they learned that the pretty girl with the Titian hair was "digging" for Harvard too, they tried to laugh her out of her ambition. One of them, with the wisdom of twenty years, told her it was really a sin and altogether against nature for a seventeen-year-old girl to try to read Greek alone or to think of taking a Harvard course. The other youth declared that it didn't matter, she'd never "get through the exams anyway," and tried to persuade her to take rides and boating excursions. But still she studied faithfully and crammed her self-taught Greek until the examinations came. Then she went down to Cambridge and passed her examinations triumphantly, while both of the young men failed dismally and found themselves obliged to study another year before getting into college.—*Boston Record.*

Lord Bacon wisely says: "Read not to contradict or refute, nor to believe and take for granted, but to weigh and consider." It is well to be hospitable to all thought, but in bondage to none. To preserve this balance we should cherish the sympathetic feeling when we read what is contrary to our preconceived ideas, and exercise our critical faculty chiefly on what coincides with them. If different parties and sects, communities and nations, would observe this rule of each other's doings and sayings it would serve to blow away many unjust conceptions that now appear like thick walls of separation between them, but which would then be found to be mere cobwebs of the brain. Certainly, if to discover truth be any part of the purpose of reading, it can only be attained in this way, for truth is many sided, and is never appreciated when viewed only from a single standpoint, but we are too prone to let our prejudices interfere with our intelligence.—*The Day Star.*

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### PUBLICATIONS.


OUR SUNDAY TALKS.  
OUR SUNDAY TALKS;  
—OR—  
Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought,  
By J. J. OWEN.  
(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")  
SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition:  
We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the San Jose Mercury, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the bouquet which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times.*  
It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer.*  
As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the Mercury by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author, clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight.*  
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